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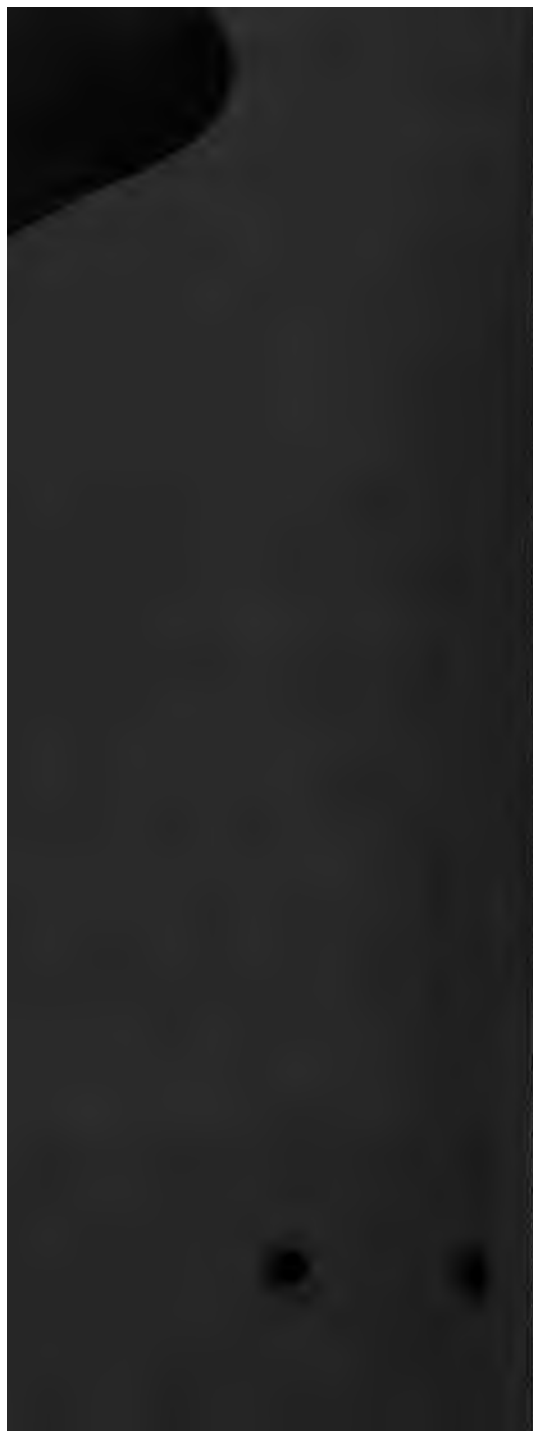
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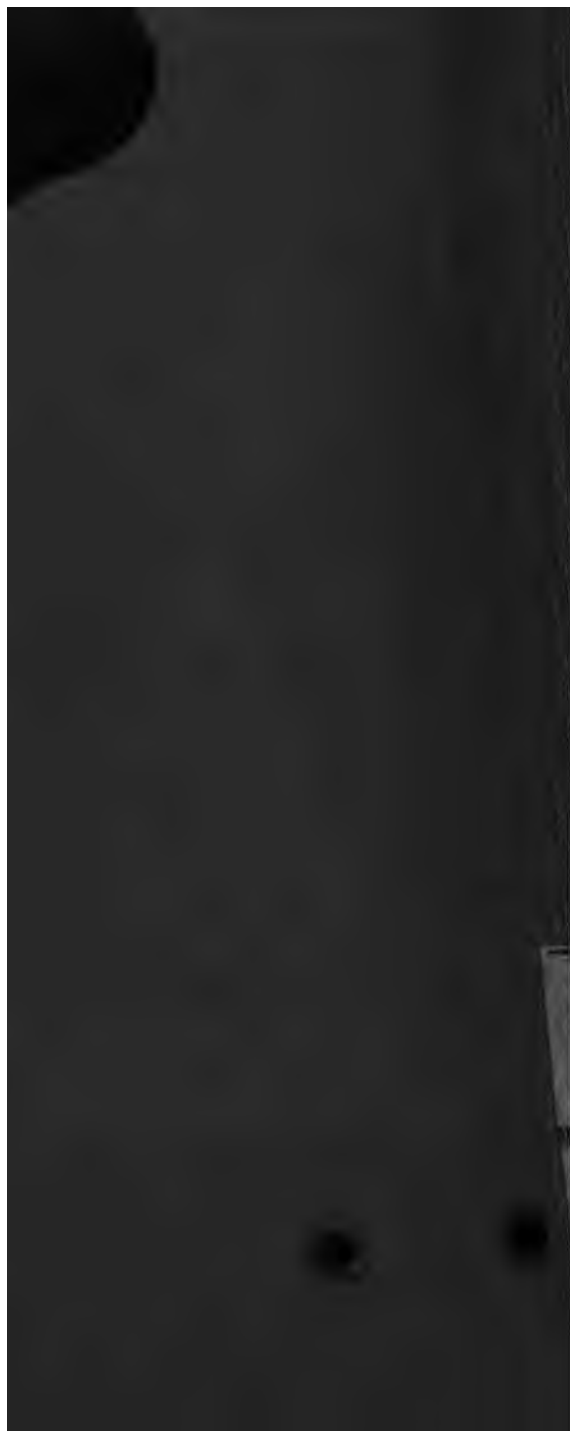
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Prof. John G. Calfrey.
15 Nov. 1906.



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15 Nov. 1906.

*To the Rev. J. Q. Palfrey
with Dr and Mrs Carpenter's
cordial respects.*

A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS
FOR THE USE OF
UNITARIAN CHRISTIANS.

—
MDCCCXXXI.

*Bristol
28 Apr. 1832*

*This Collection may be had in Quires, folded,
from BROWNE & REID, Clare Street,
Bristol, in quantities not less than 25 copies,
at 3s. 3d. per copy for the 12mo. Edition, and
2s. per copy for the 24mo.*

[Faint, illegible text visible through the paper from the reverse side.]

*To the Rev. J. Q. Palfrey
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PRINTED FOR
OWNE & REID, CLARE STREET;
SOLD ALSO BY
HUNTER, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, LONDON.

—
1831.



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A

COLLECTION

OF

H Y M N S

FOR THE USE OF

UNITARIAN CHRISTIANS,

IN

PUBLIC WORSHIP,

AND IN THE

PRIVATE CULTURE OF THE RELIGIOUS AFFECTIONS.

[Lant Carpenter]

"This is life eternal, that they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."—OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

"I will sing with the spirit, I will sing with the understanding also."—THE APOSTLE PAUL.

Bristol :

PRINTED FOR

BROWNE & REID, CLARE STREET;

SOLD ALSO BY

ROWLAND HUNTER, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, LONDON.

1831.

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P R E F A C E.

THE foregoing Title indicates the purposes for which this Collection has been formed. It is especially designed for the use of those who, while they cherish reverential faith and grateful love towards the Lord Jesus Christ, deem themselves imperatively obliged to confine their religious worship, and the supreme homage of their affections, to Jehovah, his God and Father, who sent him to be the Saviour of the world. No serious candid persons, however, who make the teachings of Christ and his Apostles their guide in duty, faith, and worship, can find in it much, if any thing, to offend them. A very large proportion of the hymns are such as must approve themselves to the heart, and the judgment, of every one who understands and partakes the spirit of the Gospel.

This Hymn Book corresponds, in several respects, with that known by the appellation of the Exeter Collection; but it is considerably more copious, as the latter contains only three hundred and thirteen hymns. It was a leading object in the compilation of the Exeter Collection, to increase the number of hymns peculiarly Christian—relating to the blessings of the Gospel, the character and offices of Christ, and the affections due to him. The course adopted in it has

met with extensive accordance. The Collection has itself been adopted by many Unitarian Congregations; and its system has, in this respect, been followed in most of those Collections which have been formed, for the use of others, since the first publication of it in 1812.

The class of hymns above specified, will be found considerably augmented in the present Collection: but the chief additions have been made in the Fourth Book, which respects the experience of the Christian life, its trials, and its duties.

The influence of devotional poetry, and perhaps especially of hymns, (from their general brevity, unity of thought, and musical rhythm,) is very great in the hours of despondency, of contrition, of solicitude, and of affliction, as well as in guiding the soul in its periods of thankfulness and confiding hope, and in strengthening its purposes of faithful duty. The hymn book often supplies valuable aid to devotion, support to fortitude, balm to the wounded spirit, and elevation and animation to all the pious affections. Consisting of the compositions of various individuals, with great diversity of views and feelings, it may reasonably be expected to present something to touch the corresponding chords in the heart of every one who employs it for the purposes for which it is designed: and—just like expressions from the Scriptures—hymns which, in some states of the affections, or in some of the ordinary circumstances of life, may present nothing to interest, will, in others, appear to have a force, and an adaptation to spiritual wants, which the inexperienced cannot understand.

While, therefore, no composition has been admitted into the Unitarian Christian's Hymn Book, which is exclusively adapted to the case of a solitary individual, it is hoped that there are no circumstances in the

Christian life, for which there will not be found something peculiarly suitable; and when an adequate acquaintance is gained with the contents of the Collection, the appropriate hymns will often suggest themselves in the time of need, to aid in yielding peace, and strength, and comfort.

From the system which has been followed in this compilation, it is obvious that many of the hymns must be unsuitable for the ordinary purposes of public worship; and that some must be exclusively adapted to individual use. It has, however, been deemed unnecessary to specify these; and, indeed, it would not be easy to draw any well-defined line of distinction. The separation of such hymns from those for more general use, has been attended with inconvenience in the private employment of hymn books.

Should it appear to candid judges that, in some cases, the verbal expression will not bear a strict critical examination, it may nevertheless be found that the sentiment is conveyed so clearly and forcibly, that it was not worth while to alter the words, at the risk of lessening the strength and perspicuity of the passage. In some instances, defective rhymes have been left, rather than do injury to the sense; and in others, hymns of little poetical merit have been admitted, for the sake of the sentiment. It has, however, been the constant aim, to satisfy the understanding, the correct taste, and the regulated imagination, as well as to animate and elevate the affections.

The compilation of this Hymn Book was commenced in 1824, in consequence of the liberal offer of one hundred pounds, made anonymously to the Lewin's Mead Congregation in this city, when the Collection

in use among them had become out of print, in order to defray the expense of printing a new one; the individual proposing that a copy of it should be given for each copy of the former possessed by a Member of the Congregation. Various circumstances have contributed to delay the execution of the object; but it has never been out of sight. The arrangements since made with the Congregation, have enabled the publishers to print a small pocket edition, at the same time with that in duodecimo. Both are executed with great correctness; and the labour of conducting this Hymn Book through the press, has been made light by the typographical skill and accuracy of the printer.

About three hundred of the following hymns are derived from the valuable Collection above referred to, which has been employed by the Lewin's Mead Congregation for the last twenty-five years. The omission of some contained in it, may, perhaps, be regretted by those to whom they have become familiar: it will, however, be found, that none which it would have been desirable to retain, have been omitted, without being replaced by others, from some cause deemed more suitable. It may be allowable to add, that no change has been made without repeated consideration; and indeed no time or exertion has been spared, to render this Collection complete and useful.

The Hymn Book which formed the basis of the present, like the London Collection which preceded it, gives many of the hymns that are here retained, with considerable variations from the originals: and a few of them are so much altered by various Editors, as scarcely to be referable to their Authors. In this Collection it has been kept in view, to employ the original readings where practicable; but no hesitation

has been felt in adopting or in making alterations, if by this means the hymns seemed decidedly improved, either in sentiment or in style. Nothing, however, of this kind has been done inconsiderately, or through a love of change; and in forming an opinion of the alterations, the effect of familiarity should be taken into account, and time allowed before a decided judgment is formed against them. In pursuing the system here stated, it has been deemed probable that the desire to aid others in raising their hearts to God, or in cherishing christian affection and principle, would surmount the little feelings of authorship. If, in any case, pain should be given by the alterations made or adopted in this Hymn Book, either to the Author, if still living, or to those who watch over his reputation, it may prove a healing balm, to think that with them the great purposes of his compositions will be answered among thousands, to whom, without such change, they might have proved of little or no service. But whenever suitable opportunity has occurred for seeking it, the alterations made in this, and in the Exeter Collection, have obtained the concurrence of those most concerned.

The chief difficulty arising from the altering of the hymns, consists in assigning them to their respective Authors, which, on the whole, appeared desirable, and which, as far as practicable, is done in the Index of First Lines. When the original has been left without alterations, or, at most, with slight verbal ones, the Author's name, if known, is given. If, while the general tenor of the hymn is unchanged, the alterations have been considerable, an indication of this is annexed to the Author's name. Where it is known that the object of address has been changed, or the general

tenor of the hymn materially affected, no name is given. In several cases, one or more verses only have been derived from a hymn, the Author of which is known. And in various instances besides, no name is annexed, because the Author has not been ascertained : but in such cases, the hymn is usually assigned to that particular Collection, beyond which it has not been traced.

The hope has been entertained, that where a more copious Collection than the Exeter is desired, one compiled on the same general system might be acceptable, and be introduced into several Congregations besides that for which it is primarily designed. If any Congregation should adopt it, and should desire the addition of hymns which have not been introduced, the publishers can have them printed to correspond with the rest, so as to be inserted before the Doxologies, which have been numbered separately, with a view to such additions.

The responsibility of this Hymn Book rests almost exclusively with one of the Ministers of Lewin's Mead ; but in some important respects he has had the advantage of his Colleague's judgment ; and, throughout, he, and also the Congregation generally, have been indebted to his other co-adjutor, for his valuable aid and suggestions, during a careful review of the Collection in different stages of it.—Thus closing his long-continued and interesting engagement, he commends the Hymn Book to the Divine blessing.

BRISTOL,
Aug. 2. 1831.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE HYMNS.

THE following general Classification will aid in the selection of subjects. The same hymn, however, is sometimes capable of arrangement under different heads; and in such cases, a reference to the Alphabetical Index of Subjects, at the end of the volume, may be found expedient.

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LIST OF AUTHORS, COLLECTIONS,

&c.

EMPLOYED IN THIS VOLUME.

ON	Dr. DRENNAN
L. ASPLAND's Collection	DRYDEN
	Mr. GEORGE DYER
JARAH BACHE	
JARBAULD	Rev. Dr. ENFIELD
ERNARD BARTON	Rev. Dr. ESTLIN
J. BEDDOME	EXETER COLLECTION, of 1812
INGHAM COL. of 1790	OLD EXETER COLLECTION
LACKLOCK	
HN BOWRING	FAWCETT
SIMON BROWNE	Mrs. FISHER
EDMUND BUTCHER	
	GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE
RIDGE (U. S.) COLLECTION	GIBBONS
NEWCOME CAPPE's Select.	GREEN
JARTER	
ERTON	Dr. HAWKESWORTH
'CHRISTIAN REFORMER	Bishop HEBER
ATHANAEL COTTON	Rev. OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHOM
'OTTERILL's Selection, de-	Rev. HUGH HUTTON
sted to the Archb. of York	
ER	Rev. THOMAS JERVIS
AMES COX, (Exeter Col.)	Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON
JOHN CROSS, (Exeter Col.)	
ARWIN	Bishop KENN
RIDGE	Rev. Dr. KIPPIS

Rev. J. LOGAN	Miss ROSCOE
LEWIN'S MEAD COL. 1806	Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE
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	SABBATH RECREATIONS
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MOSELEY STREET COLLECTION	
	TATE and BRADY's Version
Rev. JOHN NEEDHAM	Mr. JOHN TAYLOR, of Norwich
Rev. JOHN NEWTON	Mr. WM. TAYLOR, of Norwich
NEW YORK COLLECTION, 1823	Dr. JOHN THOMPSON
NORWICH COL. Suppl. 1826	TOPLADY's Collection
Rev. Dr. OGILVIE	Rev. GEO. WALKER's Collection
	Rev. R. WALLACE's Collection
PARADISE STREET COL. 1815	Rev. H. WARE, Boston, U. S.
PATRICK	WATTS
Rev. Mr. PEABODY, New England	WESLEY's Hymn Book. The
Miss P. PENN	Hymns here given, are prin-
ALEXANDER POPE	cipally by the Rev. CHARLES
Rev. Mr. POPE's Collection	WESLEY
	Rev. BENJ. WILLIAMS's Book of
RENSHAW STREET COLLECTION	Psalms, 1781
Mrs. CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON	Miss H. M. WILLIAMS.
Rev. Dr. RIPPON's Collection	
Mrs. ROGERS	YOUNG

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have been examined.

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The asterisk (*) prefixed to the First Line, denotes that the Hymn has not been observed in any other Unitarian Collection published in England.

The mark † denotes that the Hymn has been considerably altered by the present or preceding Editors. If the source is specified without such mark, it may be presumed, either that the original has been little if at all altered, or that the alterations made have had the sanction of the Author of the Hymn.

No name is given, when either the source is unknown, or when the Hymn is to be considered rather as derived from some known Author than as composed by him.—See Preface, p. ix.

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H Y M N S.

BOOK I.

HYMNS OF GENERAL HOMAGE, AND ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1. L. M.

The One Living and True God.

1

ETERNAL GOD! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

2

Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possess'd;
By none controll'd in thy commands,
And in thyself completely bless'd.

3

Worship to thee alone belongs;
Worship to thee alone we give:
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.

4

Spread thy great name through every land;
In every heart erect thy throne;
Subdue the world to thy command,
And reign unrivall'd, God alone.

HYMNS OF GENERAL HOMAGE

2. C. M.

"After this manner pray ye." Matt. vi. 9.

1

FATHER of all ! Eternal Mind !
Supremely good and great !
Thy children, form'd and bless'd by thee
Approach thy heavenly seat.

2

Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung !
We join the solemn praise ;
To thy great name, with heart and tongue,
Our cheerful homage raise.

3

Thy righteous, mild, and sovereign reign,
Let every being own :
And in our minds, thy work divine,
Erect thy gracious throne.

4

As angels round thy seat above
Thy bless'd commands fulfil,
So may thy creatures here below
Perform thy heavenly will.

5

On thee we day by day depend,
And on thy care rely :
Give us each day our daily bread,
And every want supply.

6

Extend thy grace to every fault ;
Oh let thy love forgive !
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
Nor let resentment live.

AND ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

7

Where tempting snares beset the way,
Permit us not to tread :
Or turn all real evil far
From our unguarded head.

8

Thy sacred name we would adore,
With joyful, humble mind ;
And praise thy goodness, power, and truth,
Eternal, unconfin'd !

3. C. M.

Adoration and Supplication through Jesus Christ.

1

ETERNAL Spirit, Lord of all !
Supremely good and wise !
To thee we pay our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

2

Thy glorious name we here adore,
And worship thee alone :
To thee be praise for ever paid,
Through Jesus Christ thy Son.

3

Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays ;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

4

Conduct us safely, by thy hand,
Through life's perplexing road ;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
In heaven, thy blest abode.

HYMNS OF GENERAL HOMAGE

4. L. M.

Humble Worship.

1

GREAT King of kings! Eternal God!
Shall mortal creatures dare to raise
Their songs to thy supreme abode,
And join with angels in thy praise?

2

The brightest seraph veils his face;
And low before thy dazzling throne,
In prostrate homage, all confess
Thy greatness is by all unknown.

3

Man, ah! how far remov'd below!
How weak his powers! how faint his sight!
His brightest day can only show
The dawning streaks of distant light.

4

But lo! the bright, the morning Star!
His beams shall chase the shades away;—
His beams, resplendent from afar—
Sweet promise of immortal day.

5

To him our longing eyes we raise;
Him as our Guide we, thankful, own:
Through him, oh! may our humble praise
Accepted rise before thy throne!

AND ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

5. L. M.

"Jehovah One, and His Name One."
Zech. xiv. 9.

1

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind !
Jehovah, self-existent Lord !
Supreme and universal Mind !
As God alone be thou ador'd.

2

From everlasting thou hast been ;
To everlasting thou shalt be :
No change, no cloud can intervene
To shade thy peerless majesty.

3

One nature and one being thou,—
Sole great First Cause, we humbly own ;
To thee alone we pay the vow,
And bend in homage round thy throne.

4

Father of Christ, and Israel's God !
Thy rule assert, thy praise restore :
On eagle wing send truth abroad,
Till every land thy name adore.

6. P. M.

*Solemn Adoration of Him who filleth all Things
with his Presence.*

1

Lo, God is here ! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face ;

B 2

HYMNS OF GENERAL HOMAGE

Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace :
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

2

Lo, God is here ! him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing ;
To him, enthron'd above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring :
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a faltering tongue.

3

Being of beings ! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill ;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will :
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
A pure and holy sacrifice.

7. L. M.

Humble Worship.

1

GREAT Former of this varied frame !
Our souls adore thine awful name ;
And bow and tremble, while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

2

Majestic, from thy lofty throne,
Thou speakest, and thy will is done,—
The holy, holy, holy Lord,
By all the angelic host ador'd.

AND ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

3

What, then, can feeble mortals do?
Let them adore their Maker too :
With lowly minds to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4

Something we learn from nature's frame ;
Thy word hath more reveal'd thy name ;
But still thy greatness, Lord, we find
Leaves all our soaring thoughts behind.

5

Whate'er is glorious, good, and great,
Doth in thy wondrous nature meet ;
And to thy name be glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

8. L. M.

Homage to the Almighty Sovereign.

1

OH COME! loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2

The Lord our God, enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great,—
A King superior far to all
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

3

The depths of earth are in his hand ;
Her secret wealth at his command ;
The strength of hills that reach the skies
Subjected to his empire lies.

HYMNS OF GENERAL HOMAGE

4

The rolling ocean's vast abyss,
By the same sovereign right, is his ;
'Tis mov'd by his almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.

5

He is our God, our Shepherd he ;
His flock and pasture-sheep are we :
Come then, and, like his flock, draw near ;
To-day his voice, attentive, hear.

9. S. M.

A Call to Worship.

1

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing :
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2

He form'd the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all his own ;
And all the solid ground.

3

Come, worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord :
We are his work, and not our own ;
He form'd us by his word.

4

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, make his heavenly paths your choice,
And own your gracious God.

AND ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

10. L. M.

All Mankind called upon to praise God.

1

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King :
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice ;
With all your tongues his glories sing.

2

The Lord is God : 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give :
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pasture live.

3

Enter his gates with songs of joy ;
With praises to his courts repair ;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;
Great is his love, his mercy sure ;
And the whole race of men shall find
His truth, from age to age, endure.

11. L. M.

General Homage to Jehovah.

1

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and he destroy.

HYMNS OF GENERAL HOMAGE

2

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4

Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

12. P. M.

The Worship of God to be Universal.

1

LET all the earth their voices raise
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name :
His glory let the heathen know ;
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2

He fram'd the globe, he built the sky ;
He made the shining worlds on high ;
And reigns complete in glory there :
His robes are majesty and light ;
His splendour how divinely bright !
His temple how divinely fair !

AND ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

3

Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And every nation fear his name :
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

13. S. M.

Call to Worship.

1

YE nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue ;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2

While angels sound his praise,
Let mortals learn their strains :
Let all the earth his honours raise ;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

3

Praise him with awe profound ;
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

4

Far be his honour spread ;
And let his praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchange'd no more.

HYMNS OF GENERAL HOMAGE

14. C. M.

Jehovah alone to be worshipped by all Mankind.

1

THY name, Jehovah! God alone,
Shall sound through distant lands :
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;
Thy truth for ever stands.

2

Thy boundless wisdom, matchless power,
The heathen shall adore ;
Their long-misguided prayer and praise,
To thee, O God, restore.

3

All shall confess thy sway, and learn
The gospel of thy Son ;
All own that thou art God supreme,
And worship thee alone.

4

To thee let every tongue be praise, -
And every heart be love ;
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

15. C. M.

Acceptable Worship.

1

WHEREWITH shall I approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne ?
How shall I seek his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone ?

AND ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

2

Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend ?
Will these my earnest wish succeed,
And make my God my friend ?

3

Let no such hopes my soul delude ;
Such pompous rites are vain :
My God hath shown me what is good,
And how his love to gain.

4

To men, their rights I must allow,
And proofs of mercy give ;
To God, with humble reverence bow,
And to his glory live.

5

Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
He never will despise ;
And cheerful duty will prefer
To costly sacrifice.

16. C. M.

God to be worshipped in Spirit and in Truth.

1

GOD is a Spirit, just and wise ;
He sees our inmost mind :
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2

Nothing but truth before his throne
With favour can appear ;
The formal and the false are known
Through the disguise they wear.

C

HYMNS OF GENERAL HOMAGE

3

Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees, the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4

Lord ! search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my heart sincere :
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

17. C. M.

The Worship of the Heart.

1

THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord ;
Yet he, in humble hearts, will deign
To dwell and be ador'd.

2

Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,—
Or on the earth, or in the skies,—
The abode of God is there.

3

His presence is diffus'd abroad,
Through realms, thro' worlds, unknown :
Who seeks the mercies of his God,
Is ever near his throne.

18. C. M.

The Lord's Day.

1

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;

AND ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2

Oh what a night was that, which wrapp'd
The heathen world in gloom !
Oh what a sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !

3

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung :
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn ;
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

19. L. M.

The Lord's Day.

1

AGAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the sabbath's call attend ;
Improve, my soul, the sacred rest,
And learn for ever to be blest.

2

This day may our devotions rise
To heaven—a grateful sacrifice ;
And heaven that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.

HYMNS OF GENERAL HOMAGE

3

This holy calm, within the breast,
Prepares for that eternal rest
Which for the sons of God remains,—
The end of cares, and toils, and pains.

4

Creation's wonders, Lord, we view
With sacred joy—the old, the new;
Thankful, reflect on blessings past,
While hope gives future to our taste.

5

In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet this sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end!

20. C. M.

The Lord's Day.

1

THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2

To-day arose our glorious Head,
And death's dread empire fell:
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3

Hosanna! the anointed King
Ascends his heavenly throne;
To God your grateful homage bring,
And his Messiah own.

AND ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

4

Sent by his Father's love, he came
To save our sinful race ;
Let all adore the Father's name,
And celebrate his grace ;—

5

Adore him in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise :
The highest heaven, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

21. L. M.

The Eternal Sabbath.

1

GOD of the sabbath ! hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thine house ;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.

2

Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

3

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place :
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

4

No rude alarms of angry foes ;
No cares, to break the long repose ;
No midnight shades, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

HYMNS OF GENERAL HOMAGE

5

O long-expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin :
With joy we'll tread the appointed road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

22. P. M.

The House of God.

1

At the portals of thy house,
Lord ! we leave our mortal cares :
Nobler thoughts our souls engage,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers :
Pure and contrite hearts alone,
Find acceptance at thy throne.

2

Hapless men, whose footsteps stray
From the temple of the Lord !
Teach them Zion's heavenly way ;
To their feet thy light afford :
Let the world united join
To extol thy love divine.

23. L. M.

Public Worship of God.—Ps. lxxv. 1.

1

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee ;
Thy saints adore thy holy name ;
Thy creatures bend the obedient knee,
And humbly thy protection claim.

AND ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

2

Thy hand hath rais'd us from the dust ;
The breath of life thy spirit gave :
Where but in thee can mortals trust ?
Who but our God hath power to save ?

3

Eternal Source of truth and light !
To thee we look, on thee we call :
Lord ! we are nothing in thy sight,
But thou to us art all in all.

4

Still may thy children, in thy word,
Their common trust and refuge see :
Oh bind us to each other, Lord !
By one great tie—the love of thee.

5

Here, at the portals of thy house,
We leave our mortal hopes and fears :
Accept our prayer, and bless our vows,
And dry our penitential tears.

6

So shall our sun of hope arise,
With brighter, and still brighter ray ;
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

24. L. M.

The Blessings of Divine Worship.

1

God, in his earthly temples, lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise ;
And loves to see that worship rise,
Which forms his offspring for the skies.

HYMNS OF GENERAL HOMAGE

2

His mercy every house attends,
Whence pure devotion's flame ascends ;
And ever lends a gracious ear,
Where churches join in praise and prayer.

3

Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate !
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their Helper, God.

4

His blessing yields a large increase
Of wisdom, and of sacred peace ;
While ripening holiness and love
Prepare their souls for joys above.

5

Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,—
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

25. C. M.

The Divine Blessing sought on Public Worship.

1

GREAT Father of thy people, hear !
Thy presence now display ;
As thou hast given a house of prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2

Within these walls, let holy peace,
And love, and concord, dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

AND ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

3

The contrite heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our virtues grow.

4

May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers ;
And, in the spirit of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

5

And may the gospel's joyful sound—
The herald of thy grace—
Awaken careless sinners round,
To come and seek thy face.

26. L. M.

Supplication for Spiritual Light.

1

WHILE here, as wandering sheep, we stray,
Teach us, oh teach us, Lord, thy way !
Dispose our hearts, with sacred awe,
To love thy word, to keep thy law.

2

Great Source of light to all below !
Teach us thy holy will to know ;
Teach us to read thy word aright,
And make it our supreme delight.

3

Since inward truth thy laws require,
That inward truth, O Lord, inspire ;
In every heart let wisdom shine ;
And give us purity divine.

HYMNS OF GENERAL HOMAGE

4

Maker, Instructor, Judge of all!
Oh hear us, while on thee we call!
Preserve us in thy holy ways,
And teach us all to live thy praise.

27. P. M.

Pardon and Peace from God.

1

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hope, and fond desire,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Let each heart to heaven aspire!
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above, proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2

Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refin'd:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3

Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy Providence adoring,
Faithful subjects of thy laws,—

AND ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Lord ! with favour still attend us ;
Bless us with thy wondrous love ;
Thou, our Sun and Shield, defend us ;--
All our hope is from above.

28. P. M.

The God of Mercy adored.

1

PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous Source of all our joy !
'Tis his hand upholds all nature,
And his word can all destroy :
Saints, with pious zeal attending, .
Now the grateful tribute raise ;—
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,—
Join the universal praise :

2

Round his awful footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls ;
Here his milder grace revealing,
Here his wrath no thunder rolls :
Lo ! the eternal page before us
Bears the covenant of his love ;
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.

3

Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin ;
Seize, oh seize, the proffer'd blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within :
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise ;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

HYMNS OF GENERAL HOMAGE

29. P. M.

Universal Praise.

1

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !
Praise be thine from every tongue :
Join, my soul, with every creature ;
Join the universal song.

2

For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven ;
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

30. L. M.

Universal Praise.

1

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let his redeeming love be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

31. P. M.

Praise on Earth and in Heaven.

1

HOLY, holy, holy Lord !
Be thy glorious name ador'd ;
Lord ! thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail !

AND ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

2

Though unworthy of thine ear,
Yet our hallelujahs hear :
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3

While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way ;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.

4

There no tongue shall silent be ;
All shall join in harmony ;
And through heaven's all-spacious round,
Praise to thee shall ever sound.

5

Lord ! thy mercies never fail :
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail !
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be thy glorious name ador'd.

32. C. M.

General Thanksgiving.

1

FATHER of mercies ! let our songs
With thee acceptance find :
Thy loving-kindness we adore,
To us and all mankind.

2

Thanks for creation are thy due,
For life preserv'd by thee,
And all the blessings life affords,
So great and yet so free.

D

HYMNS OF GENERAL HOMAGE

3

Thanks for redemption, above all,
To us through Jesus given :
Thanks for the means of grace on earth,
And for the hope of heaven.

4

Oh let a sense of this thy grace
Our best affections move ;
That, while our lips thy praise proclaim,
Our hearts may feel thy love.

5

Lord ! may we give ourselves to thee,
And, walking in thy ways,
In righteousness and holiness,
Obey thee all our days.

33. P. M.

Glory to God.

1

GLORY be to God on high—
God, whose glory fills the sky !
Peace on earth, to man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of heaven.

2

Sovereign Father, heavenly King !
Thee we now attempt to sing ;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Various all, and numberless.

3

Hail ! supreme, eternal Mind !
Self-existent, unconfined !
Thee, creation's wonders prove,
Lord of power and God of love.

AND ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

4

Thee to praise, in songs divine,
Angels and archangels join :
We, with them, our voices raise,
Echoing thine eternal praise.

5

Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Thou by all thy works ador'd !
Full of thee, they ever cry,
“ Glory be to God on high ! ”

34. P. M.

General Praise.

1

YE works of God ! on him alone—
From earth his footstool, heaven his throne—
Be all your praise bestow'd :
His hand the beauteous fabric made ;
His eye the finish'd work survey'd,
And saw that all was good.

2

Ye sons of men ! his praise display,
Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it power to move :
Where'er you go, where'er you dwell,
From age to age successive, tell
The wonders of his love.

3

Ye spirits of the just and good,
Who, longing for that blest abode,
To heaven's bright mansions soar !
Oh let your songs his praise display,
Till nature's self shall waste away,
And time shall be no more.

HYMNS OF GENERAL HOMAGE

35. S. M.

Universal Praise.

1

LET every creature join
To praise the eternal God :
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2

Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3

He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame ;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4

Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
Ye thunders murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5

Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6

By all his works above,
His honours be express'd ;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

AND ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

36. P. M.

Praise to God from all Creatures.

1

YE tribes of Adam ! join
With heaven and earth and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise :
 Ye holy throng
 Of angels bright,
 In worlds of light;
 Begin the song.

2

Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rul'st the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light :
 His pow'r declare,
 Ye floods on high,
 And clouds that fly
 In empty air.

3

The shining worlds above,
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command :
 He spake the word,
 And all their frame
 From nothing came,
 To praise the Lord.

4

He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,

HYMNS OF GENERAL HOMAGE

And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last :
 In different ways
 His works proclaim
 His wondrous name,
 And speak his praise.

5

Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above :
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love :
 While earth and sky
 Attempt his praise,
 His saints shall raise
 His honours high.

37. P. M.

All Creatures called upon to praise God.

1

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise the Almighty's name ;
Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell the inspiring theme.

2

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God ;
 Ye thunders speak his power :
Lo ! on the lightning's gleamy wing,
In triumph rides the eternal King ;
 The astonish'd worlds adore.

AND ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

3

Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies ;
Praise him who bade you roll :
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4

Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing ;
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise,
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

5

Let man—by nobler passions sway'd—
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's broad arch ring back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

38. L. M.

Universal Praise.

1

NATURE with all her powers shall sing
God, the Creator, and the King ;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

HYMNS OF GENERAL HOMAGE.

2

Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs, that surround his throne ;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.

3

All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name ;
While, with our souls, and with our voice,
We sing his honours and our joys.

4

Yet, mighty God, our feeble strain
The lofty theme attempts in vain ;
The noblest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

BOOK II.

**HYMNS RESPECTING THE WORKS,
THE ATTRIBUTES, AND THE GO-
VERNMENT OF GOD.**

39. P. M.

“ The Heavens declare the Glory of God.”

1

GREAT God, the heaven's well-order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name :

There thy rich works of wonder shine :
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power and skill divine.

2

From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light

Lectures of heavenly wisdom read :
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3

Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journey of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice :

THE WORKS OF GOD.

The sun, in robes of splendour drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4

Where'er he spreads his beams abroad
He smiles, and speaks his Maker God :—
All nature joins to shew thy praise :
Thy glories through creation shine ;
Our souls confess thy power divine,
And songs of cheerful homage raise.

40. L. M.

The Invisible Creator declared by his Works.

1

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens—a shining frame—
Their great Original proclaim.

2

The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display ;
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

3

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;

4

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

5

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;—
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs is found :—

6

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
“ The hand that made us is divine ! ”

41. L. M.

Devout Contemplation of the Works of God.

1

YE sons of men ! with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord ;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes, the earth around.

2

Let the high heavens your songs invite—
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

3

Sing earth, in verdant robes array'd—
Her trees and flowers, her light and shade—
Peopled with life of various forms,
Insects, and birds, and beasts, and worms.

4

View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns ;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

5

But oh! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns eternal Love ;—
Thither my soul, in rapture soar ;
There in the land of praise adore.

42. C. M.

Wisdom of God in his Works.

1

SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God ;
Be his my heart, and his my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2

How great the works his hand hath wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men, in every age, have sought
His wonders with delight.

3

How most exact is nature's frame !
How wise the eternal Mind !
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

4

Nature, and time, and earth, and skies,
His heavenly skill proclaim :
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to know his name ?

5

To fear his power, to trust his grace,
Is our divinest skill :
And he's the wisest of our race,
That best obeys his will.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

43. L. M.

Praise to the Lord of Nature.

1

O THOU, through all thy works ador'd!
Great Power supreme! Almighty Lord!
Author of life, whose sovereign sway
Creatures of every tribe obey!

2

Planets, those wandering worlds above,
Guided by thee, incessant move;
Suns, kindled by a ray divine,
In honour of their Maker shine.

3

From thee proceed heaven's varied stores,
The changing wind, the fruitful showers,
The flying cloud, the colour'd bow,
The moulded hail, the feather'd snow.

4

Tempests obey thy mighty will;
Thine awful mandate they fulfil;
The forked lightnings dart around,
And rive the oak, and blast the ground.

5

The varying seasons all are thine,
All govern'd by thy hand divine,
Supporting, through thy constant care,
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air.

6

To thee, of life the eternal Spring,
Invisible, all-powerful King!
One chorus let all creatures raise,
One hymn of universal praise.

E

THE WORKS OF GOD.

44. C. M.

The God of Nature.

1

Hail, King supreme, all wise and good !
To thee our thoughts we raise ;
While nature's beauties, wide display'd,
Inspire our souls with praise.

2

Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night ;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

3

The lofty hill, the humble vale, -
With countless beauties shine ;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

4

Great nature's God ! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage ;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page !

5

And while, in all thy wondrous works,
Thy varied love we see,
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God ! to thee.

45. C. M.

God the Creator and Preserver.

1

GREAT First of beings ! Mighty Lord !
We praise thy glorious name ;

THE WORKS OF GOD.

Produc'd by thy creating word,
Arose this wondrous frame.

2

Thy voice sent forth the high command ;
'Twas instantly obey'd ;
And through thy goodness all things stand,
Which by thy skill were made.

3

By thee, through fields of azure, roll
Unnumber'd worlds above :
Thy mighty hand sustains the whole ;
Each creature shares thy love.

4

By thee the earth its produce yields,
And countless myriads live ;
And trees and plants adorn the fields,
And their rich treasures give.

5

To thee, all-gracious Power ! we bow,
And would ourselves resign ;
Accept the praise, accept the vow,
And make us ever thine.

46. L. M.

The Voice of Nature.

1

" THERE is a God ! " all nature speaks,
Through earth and air, thro' seas and skies :
See ! from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

2

The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3

Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around ;
And fruitful fields and verdant meads
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.

4

The flowery tribes, all blooming, rise
Above the weak attempts of art ;
Their bright inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

5

Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the gracious power of God,
And bow before him, and adore.

47. L. M.

God acknowledged in the Blessings of Spring.

1

GREAT God ! at whose all-powerful call
At first arose this beauteous frame :
Thou bidst the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.

2

Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter-storms recover'd, rise ;
A thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh opening to our wondering eyes.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

3

The new delight how great, to see
The earth in vernal beauty dress'd !
While in each herb, and flower, and tree,
Thy opening bounty stands confess'd.

4

Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys ;
And while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quickening rays.

5

Indulgent God ! from every part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow ;
We see—we taste—let every heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

48. C. M.

The Elements the Messengers of Jehovah.

1

WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high :
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

3

He sends his word and melts the snow ;
The fields no longer mourn :

THE WORKS OF GOD.

He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

4

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word ;
With songs and honours, sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

49. C. M.

God acknowledged in the Blessings of Harvest.

1

FOUNTAIN of mercy and of love !
How rich thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the genial rain.

3

The spring's mild influence, Lord, was thine ;
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And soft refreshing dew.

4

Those various mercies from above
Matur'd the swelling grain ;
A bounteous harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

5

We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
Thy hand all nature hails :
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

50. C. M.

Divine Bounty crowns the Year

1

'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power !
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2

The morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3

Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine ;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The source is love divine.

4

Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear :
Thy ways abound with blessings still ;
Thy goodness crowns the year.

THE WORKS OF GOD,

51. L. M.

The Year crowned with God's Goodness.

1

ETERNAL Source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole ;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3

The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4

Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise :
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light, and evening shade.

6

Oh may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

52. L. M.

The Bounties of Providence acknowledged.

1

FATHER of lights ! we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day :
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

2

Fountain of good ! from thee proceed
The copious draughts of genial rain,
Which thro' the hills, and thro' the meads,
Revive the grass, and swell the grain,

3

Oh ne'er may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;
But what thy liberal hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

4

So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, our God, ador'd in all.

53. L. M.

The Universal Providence of God.

1

THE earth, and all the heavenly frame,
Their great Creator's love proclaim :
He gives the sun his genial power,
And sends the soft refreshing shower.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

2

The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men ;—
To men, who, from his bounteous hand,
Receive the gifts of every land.

3

Nor to the human race alone
Is his paternal goodness shown ;
The tribes of earth and sea and air,
Enjoy his universal care.

4

Not even a sparrow yields its breath,
Till God permits the stroke of death ;
He hears the ravens when they call—
The Father and the Friend of all.

54. L. M.

God the Universal Benefactor.

1

GOD of the universe ! whose hand
Hath strew'd with suns the fields of space,
Round which, obeying thy commands,
The peopled worlds fulfil their race !

2

How vast the region, where thy will
Existence, form, and order gives !
Pleas'd the wide cup with joy to fill,
For all that grows, and feels, and lives.

3

Lord ! while we thank thee, let us learn
Beneficence to all below :
Those praise thee best, whose bosoms burn
To spread the gifts from thee that flow.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

55. L. M.

The Mercies of God over all his Works.

1

PARENT of good ! thy bounteous hand
Blessings on all that breathe distils ;
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.

2

Each evening shews thy tender love ;
Each rising morn, thy plenteous grace :
Reluctant doth thine anger move ;
Thy willing mercy flies apace.

3

Thou bidst the sun his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour ;
On all who slight or bless thy sway,
Thou bidst descend the fruitful shower.

4

To thy benign indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath, we owe ;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of being, flow.

5

All holy ! thine the kingdom is,
The power, Omnipotent ! is thine ;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never ceasing glories shine.

56. C. M.

Creation and Providence in general.

1

LORD ! when our raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,

THE WORKS OF GOD.

All nature joins to teach thy praise
And bid our souls adore.

2

Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their Source divine.

3

The living tribes, of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air,
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.

4

All rose to life at thy command,
And wait their daily food
From thy paternal bounteous hand,
Exhaustless Source of good !

5

On us thy providence hath shone
With gentle smiling rays ;
Oh let our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

57. C. M.

God's Providential Care of Man.

1

THY wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord !
In all thy works appear :
And, oh ! let man thy praise record—
Man, thy distinguish'd care.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

2

From thee the breath of life of life he drew,
That breath thy power maintains ;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

3

Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess ;
By revelation's brightest rays
Still more divinely blest.

4

Thy providence—his constant guard
When threatening woes impend—
Will each impending danger ward,
Or timely succour lend.

5

Thy gifts, O Lord, with grateful heart,
Dispose us to improve ;
Those gifts continue to impart,
And crown them with thy love.

58. C. M.

The wonderful Formation of Man.

1

WHEN I with curious eyes survey
My complicated frame,
I read, on every part inscrib'd,
My great Creator's name.

2

He bade the purple tide of life
In circling streams to flow ;
And sent the genial heat around,
Through every part to glow.

F

THE WORKS OF GOD.

3

My heaving lungs, while they have power
To fan the vital flame,
Shall sing thy praises, O my God !
Thy wondrous skill proclaim.

4

Author of life ! my tongue shall sing
The wonders of my frame :
Long as I breathe, and think, and speak,
I'll praise thy glorious name.

59. S. M.

God's distinguished Goodness to Man.—Ps. viii.

1

O LORD, our heavenly King !
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2

When to thy works above
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon thy hands have form'd,
In all her splendour rise ;

3

When I survey the stars,
That fill the vaulted sky ;
Lord ! what is man, that he should stand
In thy regard so high ?

4

Or what the son of man,
That he should be thy care ;
And in the bounties of thy love
Possess so large a share ?

THE WORKS OF GOD.

5

How rich thy favours are !
How wondrous are thy ways !
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

60. L. M.

God's distinguished Goodness to Man.—Ps. viii.

1

O LORD ! how glorious is thy name,
Throughout the earth's extended frame !
Majestic splendours form thy seat,
And heaven adores beneath thy feet.

2

When all thy shining works on high
I contemplate with raptur'd eye—
The silver moon, the starry train,
Which gild the fair ethereal plain ;—

3

Lord ! what is man, that he should share
Thy notice, thine indulgent care ;
With noblest gifts be circled round,
And with distinguish'd honours crown'd ?

4

His place thy forming hand assign'd
But just beneath the angelic kind ;
Sovereign of all thy works below,
To him the meaner creatures bow.

5

But still let man, adoring, own
That thou, O Lord, art King alone ;
And, through the earth's extended frame,
Declare the glories of thy name.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

61. L. M.

Praise from the Works of God.

1

THOU great Creator ! Source of life !
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea !
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pays to thee.

2

Wak'd by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee his early rays ;
And spreads thy glories as he climbs,
While raptur'd worlds look up and praise.

3

The moon, to the deep shades of night,
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name ;
While all the stars that cheer the scene,
Thee the great Lord of light proclaim.

4

The groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,
And every flower, and every tree—
Ten thousand creatures, warm with life—
Have each a grateful song for thee.

5

But man was form'd to rise to heaven ;
And, bless'd with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.

6

Great Cause of all things ! Source of life !
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea !
While nature owns thy power, let man
His grateful tribute pay to thee.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

62. L. M.

Man's constant Dependence on God.

1

GREATEST of beings ! Source of life !
Sovereign of air, of earth, and sea !
All nature feels thy power ; and man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.

2

Subject to wants, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies ;
And when, oppress'd with guilt, he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.

3

Children, whose little minds, unform'd,
Ne'er rais'd a tender thought to heaven ;
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Though oft by passion downward driven :—

4

Those, too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb ;
Who, sickening at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better state to come ;—

5

All, great Creator ! all are thine ;
All feel thy providential care ;
And, through each varying scene of life,
Alike thy constant pity share.

6

And whether grief oppress the heart ;
Or whether joy elate the breast ;
Or life still keep its brittle course ;
Or death invite the heart to rest ;—

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

7

All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord ! obey ;
And all are training man to dwell
With thee, in everlasting day.

63. C. M.

The Universal Goodness of God.

1

LORD ! thou art good ; all nature shews
Its mighty Author kind :
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfin'd.

2

The whole, with every part, proclaims
Thine infinite good-will :
It shines in stars, it flows in streams,
And broods on every hill.

3

We view it o'er the spreading main,
And through the heavens more wide ;
It drops in every shower of rain,
And rolls on every tide.

4

Long hath it been diffus'd abroad,
Through ages past and gone :
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.

5

Through the vast whole it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through every part :

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

Oh may such love attract mine eyes,
And captivate my heart ;—

6

My highest admiration raise,
My best affections move ;
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love !

64. P. M.

Power and Goodness of God.

1

YE that delight to serve the Lord !
The honours of his name record ;
His sacred name for ever bless :
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let land and seas his power confess.

2

Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves ;
His word its firm foundations laid ;
And by the orders of his mouth,
Wide as they shine from north to south,
Were all the starry armies made.

3

He gathers the wide flowing sea,
(Whose proudest waves his laws obey,)
In the vast storehouse of the deep :
He spake, and gave all nature birth ;
And winds and waters, heaven and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

4

His goodness, equal to his power,
Loads with its blessings every hour,
And spreads the wide creation o'er :
On the whole earth his bounties rest ;
Through the whole earth his name be blest ;
Since all receive, let all adore.

65. C. M.

Perfections and Works of God.

1

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord ;
This work belongs to you :
Sing of his name, his ways, his word—
How holy, just, and true !

2

His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim ;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3

His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread ;
And by the spirit of the Lord,
Their shining hosts were made.

4

He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep :
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own stations keep.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

5

Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand ;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6

His glorious works our thoughts engage ;
We praise his power divine :
His counsels stand through every age,
And in full glory shine.

66. C. M.

The Power and Majesty of God.

1

WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord ;
His high commands submissive hear,
And tremble at his word.

2

How awful, Lord, thy glories are !
How bright thine armies shine !
What might can with thy power compare ?
What truth is like to thine ?

3

The northern pole, and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand :
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

4

Thy words the raging wind control,
And rule the boisterous deep :

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5

O'er all the earth, and worlds on high,
Thine empire, Lord, extends :
Where can thy foes from judgment fly ?
Or what can harm thy friends ?

6

Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace ;
While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

67. C. M.

The Perfections of God.

1

GREAT is the Lord ! his works of might
Demand our noblest songs :
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2

Great is the mercy of the Lord ;
He gives his children food ;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3

His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure :
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

4

They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin :
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

68. L. M.

The Divine Perfections celebrated.

1

BE thou exalted, O my God !
Above the heavens, where angels dwell :
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

2

The earth, and stars, and worlds unknown,
Were form'd by thine almighty word :
All things exist through thee alone ;
All nature owns thee for its Lord.

3

In thee, O God ! are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown :
All the rich gifts that nature brings,
Are gifts descending from thy throne.

4

High o'er the earth thy mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky :
Thy truth to endless years remains,
Though lower worlds dissolve and die.

5

Be thou exalted, O my God !
Above the heavens, where angels dwell :
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

69. L. M.

The Divine Perfections celebrated.

1

To God, the great, the ever-bless'd,
Let songs of honour be address'd :
His boundless wisdom, power, and grace,
Command our awe, invite our praise.

2

Enthron'd amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears ;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3

To him all nature owes its birth ;
He form'd this ponderous globe of earth ;
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And measur'd out the azure sky.

4

'Tis he who bids the tempest rise,
And rolls the thunder through the skies ;
His voice the elements obey ;
And o'er the earth extends his sway.

5

In all our Maker's grand designs
Omnipotence with wisdom shines ;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.

6

His power we trace on every side :
Oh may his wisdom be our guide !
And while we live, and when we die,
May his almighty love be nigh !

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

70. C. M.

The Perfections of God.

1

How shall I praise the eternal God,
That infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

2

The great Invisible! he dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3

Those watchful eyes, that never sleep,
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4

Speak we of strength? his arm is strong,
To save, or to destroy:
To him eternal years belong;
And endless is his joy.

5

He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains
To guard his promises.

71. L. M.

God incomprehensibly Great and Glorious.

1

CAN creatures to perfection find
The eternal, uncreated Mind?

G

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out ?

2

Angelic hosts, who round him stand
To execute his high command,
Revering bow before his throne,
Whose nature is by them unknown.

3

His sovereign power, what mortal knows ?
If he command, who dares oppose ?
The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light.

4

Great God ! thy glories shall employ
Our holy fear, our humble joy :
Sustain'd by thee we here proclaim
The matchless honours of thy name.

72. L. M.

*God Incomprehensible ; but his Perfections displayed
in his Works and Ways.*

1

GREAT God ! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through :
Our labouring powers with reverence own,
Thy glories never can be known.

2

Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God hath sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

3

Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know :
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine

4

Oh may our joyous hearts survey
The gracious tenour of thy way ;
Explore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

73. P. M.

Jehovah Eternal and Unchangeable.

1

JEHOVAH reigns ! let every nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear :
Jehovah reigns unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne ;
He reigns alone—let no inferior nature
Usurp or share the throne of the Creator..

2

This goodly world, the creature of a day,
Though built by God's right hand, must
pass away ;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings :
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

3

But fix'd, O God, for ever stands thy
throne :
Jehovah reigns—a universe alone !

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

The eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected or diffus'd is still the same :
Hedwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded
presence.

4

But oh ! our highest notes the theme
debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise ;
Cease, cease your songs ; the daring flight
control ;
Revere him in the stillness of the soul :
With silent duty meekly bend before him ;
And deep within your inmost hearts adore
him.

74. L. M.

God Eternal and Unchangeable.

1

ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain !
Thou wast, and art, and art to come ;
And everlasting is thy reign.

2

Fix'd and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminish'd lustre shine.

3

Fountain of being, Source of good !
Immutable dost thou remain ;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

4

Earth may, with all her powers, dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will ;
But thou for ever art the same ;—
I AM is thy memorial still.

75. C. M.

The Immutability of God.

1

THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God !
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

2

The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid ;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3

Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Form'd by thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And chang'd at thy command.

4

But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine
With undiminish'd rays.

5

Thy servants' children, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God ;
To latest times thy favours share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

76. C. M.

Eternity of God.

1

THOU didst, O mighty God ! exist
Ere time began its race ;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of space.

2

Before the ponderous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd ;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd ;

3

Ere through the gloom of ancient night,
The streaks of light appear'd ;
Before the high celestial arch,
Or starry pole was rear'd ;

4

Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wondrous name ;
Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of life !
Thy glory was the same.

5

And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck ;

6

Amidst the universal shock
Thy throne shall stand secure :
The glories that compose thy name,
For ever shall endure.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

77. C. M.

Eternity of God and Mortality of Man.

1

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4

A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come !
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

78. L. M.

Eternity of God and Mortality of Man.

1

LORD ! thou hast been thy children's God;
All powerful, wise, and good, and just;
In every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.

2

Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heavens abroad,
Or form'd the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.

3

Destruction waits thy awful word,
While mortal hope expiring mourns :
Obedient nature owns her Lord ;
And dying man to dust returns.

4

Great Father of eternity !
How short are ages in thy sight !
A thousand years—how swift they fly !
Like one short silent watch of night !

5

Uncertain life ! how soon it flies !
Dream of an hour—how short our bloom !
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

6

Teach us to count our shortening days,
And, with true diligence, apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

79. L. M.

Eternity of God and Mortality of Man.

1

THROUGH every age, eternal God !
Thou art our rest, our safe abode ;
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

2

Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd into man ;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3

With thee a thousand years amount
Not to a day in our account ;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

4

Ah ! what is life, in all its pride ?
A rapid year, an ebbing tide,
A winter's gleam, a morning flower,
That fades and withers in an hour !

5

Teach us, O Lord ! how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till, train'd to wisdom, we shall be
Prepar'd to die and dwell with thee.

80. C. M.

The Eternity and Unchangeableness of God.

1

GREAT God, how infinite art thou !
How frail and helpless we !

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2

Nature and time all open lie
To thine immense survey ;
From the formation of the sky,
To the last awful day.

3

Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present to thy view :
To thee there's nothing old appears ;
Great God ! there's nothing new.

4

Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

5

Great God ! how infinite art thou !
How frail and helpless we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

81. C. M.

The Divine Omnipresence.

1

LORD ! how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er we turn our eyes ;
If we survey the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the skies !

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

2

There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And storms arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

3

Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

4

In heaven he shines with beams of love,
The same in worlds beneath ;
'Tis on his earth we stand or move,
And 'tis his air we breathe.

5

His hand is our perpetual guard,
He keeps us with his eye ;
Oh may we ne'er forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh !

82. C. M.

Thé Ever-present All-seeing God.

1

IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord ! or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2

Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

3

My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4

O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling power I lie,
Beset on every side.

5

The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee :
Oh may I ne'er offend that power
From which I cannot flee.

83. L. M.

The Ever-present All-seeing God.

1

LORD ! thou hast search'd and seen me thro' :
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2

My thoughts before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3

Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

4

Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5

Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

84. L. M.

The Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.

1

FATHER of all ! Omniscient Mind !
Thy wisdom who can comprehend ?
Its highest point what eye can find,
Or to its lowest depths descend ?

2

What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue ?
What dark recess, what distant clime,
Shall hide me from thy boundless view ?

3

Thee, mighty God ! my wondering soul—
Thee, all her conscious powers adore,
Whose being circumscribes the whole,
Whose eyes the universe explore.

4

Thy spirit fills this breathing frame ;
It glows in every vital part ;
Lights up my mind with livelier flame,
And feeds with life my beating heart.

H

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

5

To thee, from whom my being came,
Whose smile is all the heaven I know—
Inspir'd with this exalted theme,
To thee my grateful strains shall flow.

85. C. M.

The Foreknowledge of God.

1

LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before the Lord :
Whate'er his sovereign voice hath form'd,
He governs with a word.

2

Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3

If light attend the course I run,
'Tis he provides the rays ;
And 'tis his hand that hides the sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

4

Trusting his wisdom and his love,
I would not wish to know
What, in the book of his decrees,
Awaits me here below.

5

Be this alone my fervent prayer,
Whate'er my lot shall be—
Or joy or sorrow—may it form
My soul for heaven and thee.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

86. P. M.

The glorious Perfections of Jehovah.

1

THE Lord, Jehovah, reigns :
His throne's exalted high :
The garments that he wears
Are light and majesty :
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2

The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide earth in awe :
His power and justice stand
To guard his holy law :
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3

Through all his boundless works,
Unerring wisdom shines ;
And through the darkest clouds
Effects his vast designs :
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees—his sovereign will.

4

And will the mighty God
Accomplish all his love ?
Shall sin and evil cease,
And bliss triumphant prove ?
I'll bless his name, I'll trust his word :
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

87. C. M.

Divine Faithfulness and Benignity.

1

THY justice, Lord! maintains its throne,
Though mountains melt away :
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.

2

Above the heaven's created rounds,
Thy mercies far extend :
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

3

Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast :
Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
Thy children love to rest.

4

From thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of mercy flow,
To raise our hopes on high.

5

Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

88. L. M.

The Perfections and Providence of God.

1

HIGH in the heavens, Eternal God !
Thy goodness in full glory shines :
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2

For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep :
Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3

Thy providence is kind and large ;
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4

O God ! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs :
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5

The living bread thy word bestows
Will fainting souls with strength renew :
Thence mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our view.

6

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord ;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

89. P. M.

God praised for his Goodness and Truth.

1

I'LL praise my Maker here below ;
And when to brighter worlds I go,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2

Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die and turn to dust :
Vain is the help of flesh and blood :
Their breath departs ; their pomp and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour ;
Nor can they make their promise good.

3

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train :
His truth for ever stands secure :
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
And none shall find his promise vain.

4

The Lord hath sight to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
And sends the contrite spirit peace :
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless ;
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

5

He loves his children, knows them well ;
His grace their joyful lips can tell :
 Their God for ever lives and reigns :
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage :
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

90. P. M.

Divine Mercy

1

'Tis mercy calls :—let all their tribute bring,
Of grateful homage to our heavenly King :
 In strains of joy proclaim abroad
 The boundless mercies of our God—
 The mercies shown us from above,
 The wonders of redeeming love :
'Tis mercy calls ;—in sacred chorus raise
To God, the God of all, a song of heartfelt
 praise.

2

That glorious Being reigns enthron'd on high,
Yet views the wretched with a pitying eye :
 His eye beholds each anxious care,
 The lonely sigh, the silent tear :
 He sees the widow's streaming eye ;
 He hears the hungry orphan's cry :
Depending worlds his sacred bounty share ;
All creatures find a place in their Creator's
 care.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

3

Hear this, ye pious but dejected minds,
Whom error darkens, or whom weakness
binds !

Lift from the dust your mournful eye,
And know, the Lord, your help, is nigh :
These sorrows from your breast shall roll ;
And comfort bless the humble soul :
Let cheerful hope in every bosom spring,
For boundless mercy dwells with heaven's
immortal King.

4

All ye, who bend beneath the stroke of time,
And ye, whose cheeks confess their healthy
prime,
Your Maker and Preserver praise,
For early and for lengthen'd days :
The pious and the grateful song,
Shall lisp upon the infant's tongue :
While heavenly mercy soothes the mourner's
care,
And bids the saint rejoice, the sinner not
despair.

5

'Tis mercy calls :—let all their tribute bring,
Of grateful homage to our heavenly King :
With ardent love our hearts should glow,
While heaven's sweet work begins below ;
And strive with those around his throne
To praise the great Almighty One :
The Almighty hears, and gives us leave to call
On him, the Judge, the Guide, the sovereign
Lord of all.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

91. C. M.

The Compassion of God to the Penitent.

1

HOPE of the wretched ! thou alone
The broken heart canst bind ;
Canst ease the deepest pangs we feel,
And raise the sinking mind.

2

Did ever, Lord ! thy gracious ear
The contrite prayer disdain ?
Or when did misery humbly sigh,
Or supplicate in vain ?

3

Oppress'd with grief and shame, dissolv'd
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our restless doubts
And dissipates our fears.

4

New life from thy refreshing grace,
Our sinking hearts receive ;
Thy gentlest, best-lov'd attribute,
To pity and forgive.

5

Thy grace hath caus'd celestial hope
To shine serenely bright ;
And shed her soft and cheering beam
O'er sorrow's darkest night.

6

Our hearts adore thy mercy, Lord !
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

92. S. M.

The abounding Compassion of God.—Ps. ciii.

1

My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2

High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3

His word subdues our sins ;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4

The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel :
He knows our feeble frame.

5

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the plain,
It withers in an hour.

6

But thy compassions, Lord !
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

93. L. M.

The Fatherly Compassion of God.—Ps. ciii.

1

THE Lord—how wondrous are his ways !
How firm his truth ! how large his grace !
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2

Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3

Not half so far his hand hath plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As doth his pardoning grace remove
The guilt of those who seek his love.

4

Our heavenly Father, wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust
And will no heavy load impose,
Beyond the strength which he bestows.

5

He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies :
Like grass we spring, and die as soon ;
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.

6

But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure ;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

94. C. M.

The Universal Goodness of God.

1

SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God! my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2

God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies :
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3

With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food :
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4

How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
How slow thine anger moves !—
And soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

5

Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim ;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

95. P. M.

Divine Love.

1

MY God ! thy boundless love I praise :
How bright on high its glories blaze !
How sweetly bloom below !
It streams from thine eternal throne ;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2

'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil :
In every vernal beam it glows ;
It breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

3

It robes in cheerful green the ground ;
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale :
Its bounties richly spread the plain—
The blushing fruit, the golden grain ;
And smile on every vale.

4

But in thy gospel see it shine
With grace and glories most divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven :
There faith, bright seraph, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

5

Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude ;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend !
My soul's eternal good !

6

Dart from thy own celestial flame
One vivid beam, to warm my frame
With kindred energy :
Mark thy own image on my mind ;
And teach me to be good and kind,
And love and bless like thee.

96. P. M.

The Unfailing Beneficence of God.

1

House of our God ! with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing :
The opening year his bounties shall proclaim ;
And all its days be vocal with his name :
The Lord is good, his mercy never ending,
His blessings in perpetual showers descending.

2

His goodness never fails : the dawn, the shade,
Still see new bounties thro' new scenes display'd :
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode ;
And children lean upon their fathers' God :
Man, through the whole extent of his duration,
Draws from this source immortal consolation.

GOD'S UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT.

3

Burst into praise, my soul ; all nature, join !
Angels and men, in harmony combine !
While human years are measur'd by the sun,
Yea, while eternity its course shall run,
His goodness, in perpetual showers descending,
Exalt in songs and raptures never ending !

97. P. M.

The Universal Agency of God.

1

THE mighty God who rolls the spheres,
And storm and fire and hail prepares,
And guides this vast machine—
His powerful hand our life sustains,
And scatters all those joys and pains
Which fill this chequer'd scene.

2

His piercing eye at once surveys,
Where thousand suns and systems blaze,
And where the sparrow falls :
While seraphs tune their harps on high,
His ear attends the softest cry,
When human misery calls.

3

Eternal God ! who shall not fear,
And trust and love with soul sincere,
Thine awful glorious name !
While man, thy creature, swift decays,
Time hath no measure for thy days :
Thou ever art the same.

GOD'S UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT

98. C. M.

God's Sovereign Dominion.

1

ALMIGHTY GOD! thy powerful word
From nothing all things brought;
Earth, seas, and skies, by thee, their Lord,
With matchless skill were wrought.

2

By thee preserv'd, the whole remains
A proof of power divine;
And all this universe contains,
By sovereign right is thine.

3

Thou over all art Lord supreme;
All else from thee derive;
No being can dispute thy claim,
Or independent live.

4

To thine all-gracious power we bow,
To thee alone would live;
All that we have to thee we owe,
To thee ourselves we give.

5

Accept what now, with faith and love,
We to thy will resign;
And let thy grace preserve, improve,
And perfect, what is thine.

99. L. M.

The Events of Life appointed by God.

1

'TIS God conducts the varying scenes
Of life's mistaken good or ill:

AND RELATION TO THE RIGHTEOUS.

Nothing without him intervenes,
And all is plann'd with perfect skill.

2

He gives, and with a Father's care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each his necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, ease and pain.

3

All things on earth, like all above,
On his eternal will depend ;
And all would equal blessings prove,
Did man pursue the appointed end.

4

Be this our care ; for all beside
Less anxious let our wishes be :
Passion be still, subdued be pride ;
And fix'd our souls, O God, on thee

100. L. M.

The Impartiality of the Divine Government.

1

WHO, gracious Father ! shall complain,
Under thy mild and equal reign ?
Who doth a weight of duty share,
More than his powers and aids can bear ?

2

With differing climes, and differing lands,
With fertile plains, and barren sands,
Thy wisdom form'd this earthly round,
And set the nations in their bound.

GOD'S UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT

3

Varied alike, thy moral ray
Here sheds a full, there fainter day :
The God of all, unkind to none,
To all the path of life hath shewn.

4

Oh the abounding grace, which brought
To us the words by Jesus taught !
So blest, and with such hopes inspir'd,
How much is given, how much requir'd !

101. C. M.

Providence Inscrutable, but Gracious.

1

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his great designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

AND RELATION TO THE RIGHTEOUS.

5

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

102. L. M.

Peace and War under the Control of God.

1

GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies !
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the worlds, or make them rise :
Thy favour 's life, thy frown is death.

2

When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage and noise and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the bloody plain ;

3

That word which stills the raging seas
When the loud waves tempestuous roar,
Commands the warring world to peace,
And noise and tumult are no more.

4

Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord !
All move subservient to thy will :
Both peace and war await thy word ;
Thy righteous counsels they fulfil.

GOD'S UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT

103. C. M.

The Government of God includes all Events.
Ps. cxlv.

1

THY kingdom, Lord! for ever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

2

Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.

3

Evil and good before thee stand,
Thy mission to perform;
The blessing comes at thy command,
At thy command the storm.

4

In all thy dealings, Lord! we own
Thy providential power;
Intrusting to thy care alone
The events of every hour.

104. L. M.

All Creatures dependent on God.

1

VAST are thy works, Almighty Lord!
All nature rests upon thy word:
Thy wisdom round the world we see;
This spacious earth is full of thee.

AND RELATION TO THE RIGHTEOUS.

2

The various tribes of creatures stand,
Waiting their portion at thy hand ;
And while they take their different food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good.

3

But when thy face is hid, they mourn ;
And dying, to their dust return :
Again thine all-creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

4

How vast thy works ! how great thy skill !
The universe thy glories fill :
Yet humble souls may seek thy face,
And tell their wants to boundless grace.

5

In thee our hopes and wishes meet,
And make our meditation sweet,
While thus to thee, O Lord, we raise
The song of humble grateful praise.

105. L. M.

God the Source of Light.

1

PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright,
Whose presence gilds the worlds above ;
The unchanging source of light and love !

2

“ Let there be light,” Jehovah said ;
And light o’er all the world was spread :
Nature, array’d in charms unknown,
Glowing in new-born lustre shone.

GOD'S UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT

3

Thus o'er the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice,
He darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

4

O Lord, thy cheering beams impart,
And shine on each benighted heart ;
Then shall our noblest powers unite
To praise thee, gracious Source of light !

106. L. M.

God every where Present with his People.

1

THY presence, Everlasting God !
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad :
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2

Thy favour crowns them when they meet,
And makes their intercourses sweet ;
When absent, happy if they share
Thy gracious counsels and thy care.

3

In thee our cheerful hopes we place ;
In thee, the God of truth and grace :
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guide and guard us still as thine.

4

Give us within thy house to raise
Again united songs of praise ;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

AND RELATION TO THE RIGHTEOUS.

107. L. M.

God's Mercy to the Righteous.

1

THE Almighty reigns, enthron'd on high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2

Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown ;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

3

Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord ;
None but the soul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holiness.

108. L. M.

Divine Protection.—Ps. cxxi.

1

To those bright realms we lift our eyes,
Those realms of bliss beyond the skies,
Whence all her help the soul derives ;
There our almighty Refuge lives.

2

He lives, the everlasting God,
Who built the world, who spread the flood :
He lives, and by his heavenly care
Preserves our lives in every snare.

GOD'S UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT

3

He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4

His servants, thus divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Their holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5

Through life he aids them by his power ;
And, in their last departing hour,
His hand will guide them in the road
That leads them homeward to their God.

109. L. M.

God's Name a Foundation of Trust.

1

SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various, and his saving names :
Oh may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known !

2

Let great Jehovah be ador'd—
The eternal all-sufficient Lord ;
Be through the world Most High confess'd,
By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.

3

Awake our noblest powers, to bless
The God of Abraham, God of peace ;
Now by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Christ his Son.

AND RELATION TO THE RIGHTEOUS.

4

Through every age, his gracious ear
Is open to his servant's prayer;
Nor can one humble soul complain,
That it has sought its God in vain.

5

What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name?
The same his power, his love the same!

6

To him our souls in faith arise;
To him we lift expecting eyes;
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

110. S. M.

Preserving Mercy.

1

To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints, with joyful hearts,
Their humble praises bring.

2

'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves them safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3

He will present their souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glories of his face,
With joys divinely great.

K

GOD'S UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT

4

Then all his duteous sons
Shall meet around the throne ;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

111. C. M.

Divine Mercy assuaging Affliction.

1

GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame !
We own thy power divine ;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

2

Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will ;
And aw'd by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

3

Thy mercy tempers every blast,
To those who seek thy face ;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

4

Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease ;
And thy paternal voice shall call
My weary soul to peace.

112. L. M.

God's Perfections, and his Love to the Righteous.

1

PRAISE ye the Lord ; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise ;

AND RELATION TO THE RIGHTEOUS.

His nature and his works invite,
To make this duty our delight.

2

He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames :
He counts their numbers, calls their names ;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3

Great is the Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite ;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And lifts the humble from the dust.

4

His saints are precious in his sight ;
He views his children with delight ;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
Approves and loves his image there.

113. C. M.

God hearing Prayer.

1

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all !
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2

When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd.
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

GOD'S UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT

3

The Lord supports our feeble days,
And guides our thoughtless youth ;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4

He knows the pains his servants feel ;
He hears his children cry ;
And, their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

5

His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere,
From those whose humble fervent love
Is join'd with holy fear.

114. C. M.

The Goodness of God to the Righteous.

1

WITH grateful wonder, Lord ! we view
The bounties of thy grace ;
How much bestow'd, how much reserv'd,
For those who seek thy face !

2

Thy liberal hand with worldly bliss
Oft makes their cup run o'er ;
And in the covenant of thy love,
They find diviner store.

3

Thy mercy pardons all their sins,
And checks each rising sigh,
Blesses their lives with present joys,
And lifts their hopes on high.

AND RELATION TO THE RIGHTEOUS.

4

Treasures of happiness unknown
Will crown their life to come ;
Peaceful and pleasant is their way,
And happy is their home.

5

What equal tribute can we pay,
Or how such goodness own ?
But 'tis our joy, that, Lord ! to thee
Thy servants' hearts are known.

6

Since time's too short, O gracious God !
To utter all thy praise,
Loud to the honour of thy name
Eternal hymns we'll raise.

115. C. M.

Our Constant Dependence on Divine Aid.

1

How many are thy thoughts of love !
Thy mercies, Lord, how great !
Life is too short, and words too few,
Their number to repeat.

2

In all thy works we see thy hand ;
Thy footsteps, Lord, we trace ;
Thy goodness how divinely free !
How wondrous is thy grace !

3

Thy power, our ever present guard,
From every ill defends ;
While numerous dangers hover round,
Our help from thee descends.

GOD'S UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT

4

When storms of strong temptation blow,
Or floods of sorrow roll,
Thou art the help and refuge too,
Of the distressed soul.

5

The riches of thy boundless love,
To us, O Lord, extend ;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

116. C. M.

God's Gracious Regards to his frail Creatures.

1

LORD! we adore thy wondrous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which rais'd at first this curious frame
From mean and lifeless dust.

2

Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day ;
Then know their vital powers no more,
But moulder back to clay,

3

Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
This thought is our repose,
That he by whom this frame was rear'd,
Its varied weakness knows.

4

Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
Whilst struggling with our load :
In pain and danger thou art nigh,
Our Father and our God !

AND RELATION TO THE RIGHTEOUS.

5

Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace ;
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

117. L. M.

God the Refuge of his Servants.

1

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade :
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid !

2

Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world ;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4

'Midst storms and tempests, Lord ! thy word
The spirit calms, and fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5

Thy saints shall triumph in thy love,
Secure in every threatening hour ;
Nor can their faith's foundations move,
Built on thy faithfulness and power.

GOD'S UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT

118. L. M.

*God acknowledged in Temporal and Spiritual
Blessings.*

1

BLESS, O my soul, the living God ;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise ;
Let not the wonders he hath wrought,
Be lost in silence and forgot.

3

His mercy crowns our growing years,
Our strength decay'd his power repairs ;
He satisfies our mouths with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.

4

The vices of the mind he heals,
And soothes the pains that nature feels ;
Redeems our souls from death, and saves
Our wasting lives from threatening graves.

5

His power he shew'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands ;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations, by his Son.

6

Let the whole earth his power confess ;
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join,
In work and worship so divine.

AND RELATION TO THE RIGHTEOUS.

119. S. M.

God acknowledged in Temporal and Spiritual Blessings.

1

O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2

O bless the Lord, my soul !
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3

'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain ;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

4

He crowns thy life with love,
When rescued from the grave ;
He that redeem'd my soul from death
Hath boundless power to save.

5

He fills the poor with good,
He gives the sufferers rest :
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And mercy for the opprest.

6

His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

GOD'S UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT

120. P. M.

God the Universal Sovereign.

1

GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord ;
The sov'reign King of kings,
And be his grace ador'd :
His power and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

2

How mighty is his hand !
What wonders hath he done !
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone :
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

3

He sent his only Son,
To save us from our woe ;
From error, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe :
His power and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

4

Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King ;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing :

AND RELATION TO THE RIGHTEOUS.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

121. L. M.

*God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, and
Redemption.*

1

GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2

Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high ;
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4

He fills the sun with morning light ;
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5

He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

GOD'S UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT.

6

Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

122. P. M.

God the unceasing Source of Good.

1

SING to the Lord, in cheerful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs,
Whose goodness still unceasing flows ;
Repeat his name with grateful mind,
Who, ever good and ever kind,
No change, no variation knows :
O thou, our God and Father too !
Our grateful homage is thy due.

2

Sovereign alone of earth and sky !
On thee, for every hour's supply,
Thy various creatures all depend ;
Man, whom thy light has given to know
The source whence all his blessings flow,
Views in his God his kindest Friend :
O thou, our God and Father too !
Our grateful homage is thy due.

3

Yet still our notes we'll higher raise,
To celebrate, in ardent praise,
Eternal life through Jesus given ;
Thy gracious messenger he came,
(For ever blessed be thy name !)
And pointed out the way to heaven :
O thou, our God and Father too !
Eternal praises are thy due.

BOOK III.

HYMNS RESPECTING THE BLESSINGS
OF THE GOSPEL.

123. C. M.

The Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.

1

FATHER of mercies ! in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.

2

Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3

Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4

Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

5

Oh may these heavenly pages be
My study and delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !

124. C. M.

The Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.

I

LORD ! I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2

I read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight ;
While through thy promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise ;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4

The best relief that mourners have ;
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

125. C. M.

Praise for Divine Revelation.

I

A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic as the sun :

EXCELLENCY OF REVELATION.

It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.

2

The hand which gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
Its truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.

3

Let endless thanks, O God ! be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4

With steadfast zeal may I pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

126. s. m.

The Happiness of Christians.

1

How welcome is their voice,
Who speak the Saviour's name ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And terms of peace proclaim !

2

How grateful is the sound !
How good the tidings are !
Which by the gospel Jesus sends
To raise his triumphs here.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

3

How blessed are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound ;
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !

4

Christians, unite your tongues,
And cheerful notes employ ;
Let saving love inspire your songs,
And heathens learn the joy.

127. C. M.

The perfect Law of Liberty.

1

BEHOLD that wise, that perfect law,
Which noblest freedom gives ;
Oh may it all our souls refine,
And sanctify our lives !

2

Not with a transient glance survey'd,
And in an hour forgot ;
But deep inscrib'd on every heart,
To reign o'er every thought.

3

Great Author of each perfect gift,
Thy sovereign power display ;
That our ungrateful wandering hearts
May hearken and obey.

4

Inspir'd by thee, our feeble souls
Shall pass victorious on ;
As the faint dawning light improves
To all the blaze of noon.

EXCELLENCY OF REVELATION.

128. C. M.

The Word of God the best Guide of Youth.

1

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2

When once it penetrates the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4

Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure its sacred page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

129. C. M.

The Word of God the best Guide of Youth.

1

THE morn of life, how fair and gay!
How cheering and how new!
What hopes illumine each opening day,
And brighten every view!

L 2

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

2

Youth's ardent minds, with joy elate,
Elastic and sincere,
Suspect no ills that may await,
Nor yield a thought to fear.

3

But slippery is the path they tread,
In pleasure's dangerous way ;
A thousand snares around them spread,
And oft their feet betray.

4

How shall they, then, their course pursue,
Through life's uncertain road ?
What friendly hand will point their view
To duty and to God ?

5

In God's own word the way is sure,
And clear to every eye ;
It leads us in a path secure
To brighter worlds on high.

130. S. M.

The Word of God the Guide to Heaven.

1

BEHOLD ! the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2

But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light ;
There sinners learn to know the Lord,
And guide their step aright.

EXCELLENCY OF REVELATION.

3

How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just !
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4

My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
Oh may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

131. P. M.

The Book of Grace.

1

How precious, Lord, thy holy word !
What light and joy its truths afford
To souls benighted and distress'd !
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way ;
Thy fear forbids our feet to stray ;
Thy promise leads the heart to rest.

2

Thy threatenings wake our slumbering eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies ;
While gospel truth and grace divine
Inspire the heart with filial love,
Exalt and fix our hopes above,
And make the willing spirit thine.

3

From the discoveries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life we draw ;
Be these our study and delight :
May every deed, and word, and thought,
To truth and duty's standard brought,
Become well pleasing in thy sight.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

4

Oh may thy word those faults reveal,
Which blind self-love may yet conceal,
And from presumptuous sins restrain!
Thus taught to use the book of grace,
We'll raise a grateful song of praise,
That we possess it not in vain.

132. L. M.

The Excellency and Success of the Gospel.

1

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It darted light from land to land.

3

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ hath all the nations bless'd
That see the light, or feel the sun.

4

Oh may his noon-day glory rise,
And bless the world with heavenly light!
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

5

Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven:

EXCELLENCY OF REVELATION.

Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

133. L. M.

The Excellency of the Gospel.

I

PARENT of good! thy gospel's power
The reign of darkness hath o'erthrown;
O wondrous grace! O glorious hour
Which made the great salvation known!

2

Though we should trace the globe around,
Where'er the human foot hath trod,
There will be no religion found,
So safe to man, so just to God.

3

How well its blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy each command!
Its promises how sure they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stand!

4

In vain shall all its foes devise
To shake my faith with treacherous art;
My soul thy wisdom justifies,
And binds thy gospel to my heart.

134. L. M.

The Excellency of the Gospel.

I

GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old;
Sent Christ, his Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in the latter days.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

2

Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that true record :
The bright inheritance of heaven
Is by this sure conveyance given.

3

God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and bless'd :
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4

Oh render thanks to God above,
For his rich grace, his boundless love !
Let all mankind receive his word,
And every nation praise the Lord.

135. L. M.

The Excellency of the Gospel.

1

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known :
'Tis here his richest mercy shines ;
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2

Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts :
Its influence makes the sinner live ;
It bids the drooping saint revive.

3

Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

EXCELLENCY OF REVELATION.

4

May this bless'd volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage ;
And be my chosen heritage.

136. C. M.

The Gospel a glorious Light.

1

THE gospel, like another sun,
Shines with a glorious ray ;
Chasing the darkness of the night,
It spreads the moral day.

2

What blessed truths this book reveals !
What hope its pages give !
Pardon and peace the gospel brings,
And bids the sinner live.

3

Purer than silver most refin'd
Its holy precepts shine :
The promises most precious are ;
The examples are divine.

4

The Father's grace, the Saviour's love,
Adorn the sacred page ;
Our youth it guides, and well supports
Our most enfeebled age.

5

Immortal life it brings to light—
A life of perfect joy ;
Pleasures refin'd which always charm,
Delights which never cloy.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

6

Thy gospel, Lord ! demands our praise,
For this thy name we bless ;
Oh may our hearts, as well as tongues,
Its glorious power confess.

137. L. M.

Praise for the Gospel of Christ.

1

PRAISE to thy gracious name, O Lord !
For all the blessings of thy word ;
For that pure light which guides our way
From earth towards realms of endless day.

2

Praise for the grace by Christ reveal'd ;
For hopes of pardoning mercy seal'd :
Praise for his gospel, where is given
The pledge of life, the hope of heaven.

3

There knowledge of the noblest kind
Expands and elevates the mind :
His heavenly doctrine, plain as true,
Instructs, reproves, and comforts too.

4

How brightly there thy glories shine !
Wisdom and mercy all divine ;
Whate'er can fill the soul with love,
And form it for the bliss above.

5

Oh grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy blessed word !
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And in its holy spirit live.

EXCELLENCY OF REVELATION.

138. L. M.

Divine Love displayed in the Blessings of the Gospel.

1

To thee, my heart, Eternal King !
Would now its thankful tribute bring ;
To thee its humble homage raise,
In songs of ardent, grateful praise.

2

All nature shows thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above ;
But in thy blessed word I trace
The richer glories of thy grace.

3

There what delightful truths are given ;
There Jesus shows the way to heaven ;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4

There Jesus bids our sorrows cease,
And gives the labouring conscience peace ;
Raises our grateful feelings high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5

For love like this, oh may my song
Through endless years thy praise prolong ;
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more !

139. S. M.

The Birth of Christ.

1

BEHOLD ! the grace appears,
The blessing promis'd long !

M

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

Angels announce the Saviour near,
In this inspiring song :

2

“Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth ;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer’s birth !”

3

In worship so divine
Let men employ their tongues :
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs.

4

Glory to God on high !
And heavenly peace on earth ;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer’s birth.

140, P. M.

The Birth of Christ.

1

Oh let your mingling voices rise
In grateful raptures to the skies,
And hail a Saviour’s birth !
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus, gift of mercy, came
To bless the sons of earth.

2

He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner’s wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart,
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world’s remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.

CHARACTER AND WORK OF CHRIST.

3

He came our trembling souls to save,
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away ;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime
Where reigns eternal day.

4

Then let your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth !
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus, gift of mercy, came
To bless the sons of earth.

141. c. m.

Hosanna on the Coming of Christ.

1

HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !
The Saviour promis'd long !
Let every heart a throne prepare,
And every voice a song.

2

On him the spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3

He comes, the prisoners to release
In sin's dire bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

4

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eye involv'd in night
To pour celestial day.

5

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure ;
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

6

Our songs of gratitude and joy,
His welcome shall proclaim ;
Hail to the Prince of Peace, who comes
In God his Father's Name !

142. c. m.

Christ's First and Last Coming.

1

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue ;
His grace reveal'd by Christ demands
An ever-grateful song.

2

Say to the nations, " Jesus came
A sinful world to save,
From guilt and error to reclaim,
And rescue from the grave."

3

Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations from their God ;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And spread his truth abroad.

CHARACTER AND WORK OF CHRIST.

4

Again he comes, with powerful voice
To wake the numerous dead,
And call his followers to rejoice
With their exalted Head.

5

When he who is our life draws near,
And all his glory view,
His faithful followers shall appear
With him in glory too.

143. S. M.

Christ the Light of the World.

1

BEHOLD! the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word.

2

No royal pomp adorns
This King of righteousness ;
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.

3

Jesus, the light of men !
His doctrine life imparts ;
Oh may we feel its quickening power
To warm and glad our hearts !

4

Cheer'd by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way ;
The path which Christ hath mark'd and trod
Will lead to endless day.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

144. L. M.

Christ the Sun of Righteousness.—Mal. iv. 2.

1

To thee, O God, we homage pay !
Source of the light that rules the day,
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.

2

In higher strains we sing that grace
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness ;
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.

3

Still on our hearts may Jesus shine
With beams of light and love divine :
Quicken'd by him, our souls shall live ;
And cheer'd by him shall grow and thrive

4

Oh may his glories stand confess'd
From north to south, from east to west !
Successful may his gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun !

5

When shall that radiant scene arise,
When, fix'd on high in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display
On all his saints through endless day !

145. S. M.

Thanks for Jesus Christ.

1

FATHER ! our hearts we raise
To heaven, thy gracious throne ;

CHARACTER AND WORK OF CHRIST.

And thank thee for the precious gift
Of thy beloved Son.

2

A peace on earth he brings,
That never more shall end ;
By him the Sovereign Lord of all
Proclaims himself our Friend.

3

Grace, mercy, peace, and truth,
He doth to us impart ;
May streams of piety and love
O'erflow the faithful heart.

4

A treasure so divine,
May we with joy receive ;
And to the world thy goodness tell,
And to thy glory live !

146. C. M.

The Baptism of Jesus.

1

SEE from on high a light divine
On Jesus' head descend ;
And hear the sacred voice from heaven,
That bids us all attend.

2

"This is my well-beloved Son,"
Proclaim'd the voice divine ;
"Hear him," the Almighty Father said,
"For all his words are mine."

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

3

His mission thus confirm'd from heaven,
The great Messiah came,
And truth and mercy brought to man,
In God his Father's name.

4

The path of heavenly peace he show'd,
That leads to bliss on high,
Where all his faithful followers here,
Shall live no more to die.

5

Oh may we, then, who own him Lord,
And his lov'd name profess,
By all our words and actions prove
That we his mind possess!

147. L. M.

Christ the Image of the Invisible God.

1

O THOU, at whose almighty word
Fair light at first from darkness shone!
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace thine image in thy Son.

2

As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with his softer rays,
When shining with reflected light;—

3

So, in thy Son, thy power divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love,
With mild and gentle lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above.

CHARACTER AND WORK OF CHRIST.

4

While we, thine image, there display'd,
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeness to our Head,
That we may bear thine image too.

148. L. M.

Contemplation of the Character of Jesus.

1

WITH warm delight and grateful joy
Let all our best affections move,
When we on Christ our thoughts employ,
On him whom, though unseen, we love.

2

How bright a pattern, and how pure,
Hath he in all things kindly given,
To make our path of duty sure,
And guide our wandering steps to heaven !

3

What constancy, what pious zeal,
To do his heavenly Father's will,
His love and mercy to reveal,
And his all-gracious plans fulfil !

4

In all, with gratitude we view
The steady purpose of his soul,
Our worldly passions to subdue,
And all the power of sin control.

5

Father of all ! his God and ours !
Accept the humble, joyful praise,
Which, with our souls' united powers,
For thy rich grace through him, we raise.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

149. L. M.

"The Meekness and Gentleness of Christ."

2 Cor. x. 1.

1

THE holy gospel we profess
Is meekness, mercy, peace, and love :
Let these our hearts and lives express ;
Our faith, let these confirm and prove.

2

Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life !

3

Oh how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.

4

To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright !

5

Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love ;
If then we love our Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

150. C. M.

Love to Enemies from the Example of Christ.

1

THOU causest, Lord, thy sun to shine,
Thy rain on those to fall,

CHARACTER AND WORK OF CHRIST.

Who oft transgress the law divine ;
For thou art good to all !

2

Thine image in thy Son we view,
Who full of grace was found,
When slanders, cruel as untrue,
Encompass'd him around.

3

Their miseries his compassion mov'd,
He shed for them his blood,
Who render'd hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4

Their malice rages all his days ;
He pities them till death ;
And pardon for his murderers prays,
With his expiring breath.

151. c. m.

The Example of Christ.

1

BEHOLD ! where, in the Friend of man,
Appears each grace divine ;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2

The largest love of human kind
Inspir'd his holy breast :
In deeds of mercy, words of peace,
His kindness was express'd.

3

To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

4

Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found,
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.

5

'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood ;
While men ungrateful sought his life,
He labour'd for their good.

6

To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his work pursued,
While humble prayer, and holy faith,
His fainting strength renew'd.

7

In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd he bow'd, and said,
" Thy will, not mine, be done."

8

Be Christ our pattern, and our guide !
His image may we bear !
Oh may we tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share !

152. L. M.

The Example of Christ.

1

I READ my duty in the word
Of my Redeemer and my Lord :

CHARACTER AND WORK OF CHRIST.

But in his life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2

What zeal his mission to fulfil !
What deference to his Father's will !
His love and meekness how divine !
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3

Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of his prayer ;
The desert his temptations knew,
His conflicts and his victories too.

4

Parent of Good ! thine aid impart,
To form his image in my heart ;
And let the growing likeness rise,
Till made complete beyond the skies.

153. L. M.

" See how he loved ! "—John xi. 35, 36.

1

" SEE how he lov'd ! " exclaim'd the Jews,
When at the tomb our Saviour wept ;
My grateful heart the words shall use,
While on his life my eye is kept.

2

See how he lov'd, who travell'd on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies ;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And call'd the sleeping dead to rise.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

3

See how he lov'd, who, firm yet mild,
Patient endur'd the scoffing tongue ;
Who, oft provok'd, yet ne'er revil'd,
Or did his greatest foe a wrong.

4

See how he lov'd, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death ;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.

5

See how he lov'd, who died for man ;
Who labour'd thus, and thus endur'd,
To finish the all-gracious plan,
Which life and heaven to man secur'd.

6

And shall such love not meet return ?
Not prompt the conduct, move the breast ?
Shall not our grateful bosoms burn,
To prove our love by every test ?

7

Yes ; our great Master will we love,
Who every generous feeling knew ;
His faithful followers ever prove,
And keep his pattern still in view.

154. L. M.

Christ's Victory over the World.

1

GREAT was the victory of our Lord,
O'er sense and sin and tempting arts :
His triumph let us now record,
And write the history on our hearts.

CHARACTER AND WORK OF CHRIST.

2

He journey'd oft with hunger faint,
Though thousands by his hand were fed ;
O'er winds and waves he had restraint,
Yet knew not where to lay his head.

3

Midst envy, calumny, and shame,
He went about, dispensing good ;-
He heal'd the sick, the blind, the lame,
While wrathful malice sought his blood.

4

To men he made glad tidings known,
Yet meekly bore their stripes and scorns ;
Refus'd to wear a kingly crown,
But calm endur'd a crown of thorns.

5

He at whose voice the dead arose,
Submitted on the cross to die ;
And pray'd for pardon for his foes,
Who mock'd his dying agony.

6

Perfect through suffering he became,
Then enter'd on his great reward :
Let every nation bless his name,
And own in him their saving Lord.

155. L. M.

Reverence and Love to Jesus.

1

FATHER of Jesus ! God of love !
Of every joy and hope the spring ;
For thy rich grace by him bestow'd,
To thee our grateful praise we bring.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

2

Of pardon and eternal life
Thy mercy form'd the gracious plan ;
And Jesus, sent by thee, convey'd
The glorious news to sinful man.

3

By thine authority he taught ;
His truths declar'd in thy great name ;
His words were sanction'd by thy power,
And our submissive reverence claim.

4

To seal the covenant which he brought,
He pass'd thro' suffering, shame, and death :
And shall not we his claims revere,
And love him to our latest breath ?

5

Oh may his love our hearts inspire,
His holy precepts to obey !
His spirit ever be our own ;
His promise cheer in life's last day.

6

Then, in the great decisive day,
Jesus will own us as his friends ;
Will call us to his bless'd abode,
To share the joy which never ends.

156. **L. M.**

Praise for the Blessings given through Jesus.

1

To God, of every good the Spring,
The tribute of your praises bring,
For grace and truth through Jesus given,
Mercy, and peace, and hopes of heaven.

CHARACTER AND WORK OF CHRIST.

2

Grateful the joyous news proclaim,
Salvation is in Jesus' name ;
Salvation—shout the glorious sound,
Proclaim it to the world around.

3

Tell every fearful trembling soul,
That gospel grace will make him whole :
Invite the weary poor to come ;
At Jesus' feast their still is room.

4

Jesus—that name shall calm our fears,
Dispel our doubts, and dry our tears ;
Shall ease the anxious throbbing breast,
And give the weary mourner rest.

5

Jesus—our Prophet, Saviour, King—
For Jesus, grateful praise we bring,
To thee from whom his blessings flow'd,
To thee, our Father and our God !

157. C. M.

To be ashamed of Jesus, absurd and dangerous.

1

Is there on earth a nobler name
Than Jesus to be found ?
Who can assert a higher claim,
Or more with truth abound ?

2

The Son of God, adorn'd with grace,
Commission'd from above,
He bears to our rebellious race
The messages of love.

N 2

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

3

Behold his gentle spirit feel
The sufferings of mankind ;
And with a word, the sorrows heal
Of body and of mind.

4

How noble were the truths he taught !
How pure the life he led !
And shall another Lord be sought,
And we disown our Head ?

5

Asham'd of Jesus ! shall we let
Our heavenly prospects go ?
And, madly, at defiance set
The threats of future woe ?

6

Forbid it, Lord ! nor let us yield
To this unworthy shame ;
But each, with holy courage fill'd,
Rejoice in Jesus' name.

158.. L. M.

Contemplation of the Life of Christ.

1

IF love, the noblest, purest, best ;
If truth, all other truths above,
Will claim returns from every breast,
Oh ! surely Jesus claims our love.

2

There's not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in that thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime !

CHARACTER AND WORK OF CHRIST.

3

We see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek ;
With him we tread the hallow'd ground,
Communion with our God to seek.

4

We see his gentle pitying eye,
When lonely want appeals for aid ;
We hear him in the frequent sigh,
That mourns the waste which sin has made.

5

We meet him at the lonely tomb ;
We weep where Jesus wept before ;
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
We see him rise, and weep no more.

159. s. m.

Love of Christ.

1

How noble was the love
Of Jesus to mankind !
No dangers could his purpose move,
Nor death appal his mind.

2

His object to ensure—
A sinful world to save—
This made him every pang endure,
And every suffering brave.

3

For this he bore the cross,
Despising shame and pain ;
And freely suffer'd every loss
This gracious end to gain.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL

4

But God his love hath crown'd,
And rais'd him from the dead :
The Father's promise now obtain'd,
In triumph sin is led.

5

Partakers of his grace,
His heavenly work we sing ;
And, while to God the power we trace,
Our grateful homage bring.

160. L. M.

"The Captain of our Salvation."—Heb. ii. 10.

1

IMMORTAL God! on thee we call,
The great Original of all ;
By thee we are, to thee we tend,
Our sure support, our glorious end.

2

We praise thy free, thy heavenly grace,
Which pitied our revolted race,
And Jesus, our victorious Head,
The Captain of salvation made.

3

He (so eternal love decreed)
Shall many sons to glory lead ;
And rich supplies through him are given
To fit us for the joys of heaven.

4

Jesus for us—O gracious name !—
Encounter'd agony and shame ;

CHARACTER AND WORK OF CHRIST.

Jesus, the glorious and the great,
By dreadful sufferings made complete.

5

A scene of wonders here we see,
Of grace and mercy worthy thee ;
This theme shall now inspire our tongues,
And raise in heaven our noblest songs.

161. C. M.

Reflections on the Death of Jesus.

1

WITH warm affection let us view,
With pious grief improve,
The solemn and impressive scene
Of Jesus' dying love.

2

Not all the malice of his foes,
His pity could subdue ;
"Father! forgive," he meekly pray'd,
"They know not what they do."

3

Oh what a love was here display'd,
Beyond our utmost thought !
How pure the lessons, how sublime,
In life and death he taught.

4

Let not his sacred truths by us
Be lost or misapplied ;
Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget
That 'twas for us he died,

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

162. S. M.

The attractive Influence of a Crucified Saviour.
John xii. 32.

1

BEHOLD the affecting sight,
The Saviour lifted high !
Behold the Prince of peace and life
Expire in agony !

2

We see, and we admire
In sympathy of love ;
We feel the strong attractive power,
To lift our souls above.

3

Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With grateful ardour, to confess
The energy divine.

4

In him our hearts unite ;
Nor share his griefs alone,
But from his cross pursue their flight
To his triumphant throne.

163. S. M.

The Love of Christ prompting to Christian Love.
(For the Lord's Supper.)

1

JESUS, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board ;
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

CHARACTER AND WORK OF CHRIST.

2

Here we show forth his love,
Which spake in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumph'd even in death.

3

Here let our powers unite,
His honour'd name to raise :
Let grateful love fill every soul,
And every voice be praise.

4

One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know ;
Brethren we are ; let every heart
With kind affections glow.

5

Warm'd with our Master's love,
And thine unmeasur'd grace,
Lord! let our thankful hearts expand,
And all mankind embrace.

164. C. M.

The Christian Law of Love.
(For the Lord's Supper.)

1

YE followers of the Prince of peace,
Who round his table draw !
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2

The love which all his bosom fill'd,
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspir'd by love he liv'd and taught ;
Inspir'd by love he died.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

3

Let each the sacred law fulfil ;
Like his be every mind ;
Be every temper form'd by love,
And every action kind.

4

Let none who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace the honour'd name ;
But, by a near resemblance, prove
The title which they claim.

165. L. M.

The Memorial of our Absent Lord.

(For the Lord's Supper.)

1

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;
And earthly objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2

He knew what wandering hearts we have,
How weak our faith and hope might prove ;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his love.

3

The Lord of life this table spread,
With emblems of his flesh and blood ;
With grateful hearts we break this bread,
Remembering him, and blessing God.

4

Be sinful pleasures all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem ;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him !

CHARACTER AND WORK OF CHRIST.

5

While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare for us a place ;
That all who walk as sons of light,
May dwell for ever near his face.

166. P. M.

Influence of the Example of Christ.
(For the Lord's Supper.)

1

FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like their Head.

2

His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear ;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3

Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in thy way,—
Joy attend us in believing !
Peace from God through endless day !

167. P. M.

The Resurrection of Christ.

1

Lo ! the rock is roll'd away ;
Death yields up his mighty prey :
Jesus, rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

2

Mortals! shout in rapturous song :
Let the notes be sweet and strong :
Hail the Son of God, this morn
From his sepulchre new-born.

3

Powers of heaven, celestial choirs
Joyous sweep your golden lyres .
Sons of men ! in thankful strain,
Sing the glories of his reign.

4

Every note with wonder swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell :
Where, O death, is now thy sting
Where thy terrors, vanquish'd king !

168. L. M.

The Resurrection of Christ.

1

HOSANNA ! let us join to sing
The glories of our rising King ;
Recount his victories, and tell
How Jesus triumph'd when he fell.

2

Soon as the morning's earliest ray
Brings on the third, the appointed day,
Behold an angel from the skies
Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise.

3

With strength immortal forth he comes,
And power and life from God resumes ;
The days of pain and sorrow past,
His triumph shall for ever last.

EXALTATION AND REIGN OF CHRIST.

4

Ye tribes of Adam, raise the song ;
And, with your noblest notes, prolong
The triumphs of that day of grace,
Which seal'd salvation to our race.

5

Salvation—joy-inspiring theme !
Best gift of Him who reigns supreme !
Sweet balm of every human woe,
And source of purest joy below !—

6

Salvation—sons of men ! record
The glories of your rising Lord ;
The triumphs of the Saviour tell,
Who died, and conquer'd when he fell.

169. C. M.

Christ's Death and Exaltation.—Matt. xviii. 5, 6.

1

YE humble souls ! who seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away ;
And bow with transport down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2

His life for us he freely gave ;
Such wonders love can do !
Thus, cold in death, that bosom lay
Which throb'd and bled for you.

3

A moment yield your hearts to grief,
And mourn your Saviour slain ;

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

Then raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again !

4

Above angelic bands he rears
His once dishonour'd head ;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns
Who dwelt among the dead.

5

With cheerful hope let every saint
The tomb of Christ survey ;
Then rise with his ascending Lord
Towards realms of endless day.

170. C. M.

The Exaltation of Christ.—Rev. v. 12.

1

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2

‘ Worthy the Lamb that died,’ they cry,
‘ To be exalted thus :’
‘ Worthy the Lamb,’ our hearts reply,
‘ For he was slain for us.’

3

Let all creation join in one,
To adore the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And celebrate the Lamb.

EXALTATION AND REIGN OF CHRIST.

171. L. M.

*The Effusion of the Spirit, and the Triumphs of
Christ.*—Acts ii. 33.

1

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When Christ's belov'd disciples met ;
When on their heads the spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2

What powers their heavenly Master gave,
To conquer sin, from death to save ;
Furnish'd the weapons of his word,
The shield of faith, the spirit's sword.

3

Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north ;
Bold to assert their Saviour's cause,
And spread the doctrine of his cross.

4

Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued ;
And, willing captives to their Lord,
Display the triumphs of his word.

5

Still wider may his triumphs spread,
Till all shall own our glorious Head ;
Obey the precepts he has given,
And thus be led to God and heaven.

172. L. M.

The Kingdom of Christ.

1

GREAT God ! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

Extend the kingdom of thy Son,
Till every land his rule shall own.

2

The sceptre well becomes his hands,
And wise and good are his commands ;
His laws protect the humble poor,
And bid oppression rage no more.

3

They form to righteousness the mind,
To all that's candid, gentle, kind :
Inspire with love the human breast,
And stormy passions soothe to rest.

4

The gracious doctrines of his word,
The spirit calm and peace afford ;
His promises our fears control,
And comfort yield the contrite soul.

5

His throne immoveable shall stand,
Upheld by thine almighty hand,
Till all shall love thee and adore,
And sin and misery be no more.

173. L. M.

The Kingdom of Christ.

1

To God let fervent prayers arise,
With every daily sacrifice,
The great Messiah's reign to spread,
And with new honours crown his head.

EXALTATION AND REIGN OF CHRIST.

2

Soon may he reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3

Great God ! may realms of every tongue,
Dwell on thy love with grateful song ;
And with united hearts proclaim,
That grace and truth by Jesus came.

4

Blessings abound where'er he reigns :
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The contrite heart with peace is blest ;
The weary find eternal rest.

5

Where he displays his healing power,
The sting of death is known no more ;
He points our views and hopes on high,
To regions of eternal joy.

6

Parent of good ! to thee we trace
These boundless stores of richest grace ;
All have their source in love divine,
And be the praise and glory thine.

174. P. M.

Effectual Diffusion of the Gospel.—Is. lv. 10, 11.

1

MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain !
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all its secret store.

2

Array'd in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine ;
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine :
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

3

' So,' saith the God of grace,
' My gospel shall descend,
' Almighty to effect
' The purpose I intend :
' Millions of souls shall feel its power,
' And bear it down to millions more.'

175. P. M.

The Gentiles received into the House of God.
Eph. ii. 13.

1

GREAT Father of mankind !
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for gentiles find
Within thy courts a place :
How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of prayer !

2

Though once estrang'd afar,
They now approach the throne :

EXALTATION AND REIGN OF CHRIST.

Jesus hath brought them near,
And claims them as his own :
Strangers no more,
To thee we come ;
We find our home,
And rest secure.

3

May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house ;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows :
Incense shall rise
From flames of love,
And God approve
The sacrifice.

176. L. M.

Conversion of the Jews.

1

GREAT God of Abraham, hear our prayer !
Let Israel thy full mercy share :
Oh may they now at length return ;
And look on him they pierc'd, and mourn.

2

O Lord, thy light to them impart,
And write thy truth upon their heart :
The veil of darkness rend in two
That hides Messiah from their view.

3

Oh haste the day, foretold so long,
When Jew and Gentile—glorious throng!—
One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour,
One Saviour love, one God adore.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

177. L. M.

The Spread of the Gospel among the Heathens.

1

Fix'd on thy promise, Sovereign Lord !
Still rests the sure prophetic word,
That heathen lands thy truth shall know,
And to thy Son obedient bow.

2

E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear ;
E'en now unfolds the promis'd year :
Lo ! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And swell the tidings of thy grace.

3

Mid burning climes, and frozen plains,
Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
Oh mark their steps, their fears subdue,
Strengthen their arm, and clear their view

4

When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail ;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge their conquering way !

5

Hasten, oh hasten, Lord, the time
When through the earth, in every clime,
Thy light and grace by Jesus given
Shall show the way to thee and heaven.

178. C. M.

The Universal Diffusion of Spiritual Blessings.

1

Soon, O Jehovah, let thy name
Sound all the earth abroad ;

EXALTATION AND REIGN OF CHRIST.

And every nation know and love
Their Saviour and their God.

2

The day will come, the blessed day,
(Such thine eternal will,)
When light, and truth, and grace divine,
The spacious earth shall fill.

3

Thou wilt diffuse thy mercies, Lord !
So richly scatter'd here,
Till the remotest race of man
Shall see, adore, and fear.

179. P. M.

Gospel Blessings for all Mankind.

1

WE sing the wise, the gracious plan,
By God ordain'd ere time began,
At length disclos'd in all its light :
We hail the glorious source of love,
That beams around us from above,
With truth so pure and hope so bright.

2

Mercy's great year, in heaven enroll'd,
By seers, succeeding seers, foretold,
Was by the Son of God unseal'd ;
Light of the world, Messiah came
In his almighty Father's name,
And immortality reveal'd.

3

Now hath the wise, the eternal Mind,
In Christ, their common Head, conjoin'd
Gentile and Jew, and earth and heaven :

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

Through him, from God his Father's throne,
Mercy and grace come flowing down,
And endless life and peace are given.

180. P. M.

Invitations to Mercy.

1

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come !

2

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn ;
Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

3

Ye who, toss'd on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise :

4

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn ;
Here repose your heavy care :
A wounded spirit who can bear !

5

Sinner come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

PROMISES OF DIVINE MERCY.

181. C. M.

Christ's Invitation to Sinners.—Matt. xi. 28, 29.

1

‘COME unto me, all ye who mourn,
With guilt and fears opprest;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.

2

‘Take up my yoke, and learn of me
A meek and lowly mind;
And thus your wearied troubled souls
Repose and peace shall find.

3

‘For light and gentle is my yoke;
The burden I impose
Shall ease the heart which groan’d before
Beneath a load of woes.’

4

Father! we would the yoke receive
Of thy beloved Son:
His spirit let our lives express;
Thy will by us be done.

182. C. M.

The Death of Christ a Pledge of God's Love.
Rom. viii. 32.

1

LET christian faith and hope dispel
The fears of guilt and woe;
The Lord Almighty is our Friend
And who can prove a foe?

P

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL

2

He who his well-beloved Son
Gave up for us to die—
Shall he not all things freely give,
That goodness can supply?

3

Behold the best, the greatest gift,
Of everlasting love!
Behold the pledge of peace below,
And perfect bliss above!

183. S. M.

The Hope of Pardoning Mercy.

1

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune :
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.

2

Sing how eternal love
Its well-beloved chose,
And bade him raise our sinful race
From its abyss of woes.

3

Pardon and peace from heaven,
Jesus proclaims abroad ;
And brings to erring, guilty man,
Sure mercy from his God.

4

Now, sinners, dry your tears ;
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Grateful accept your Father's love,
And take the offer'd peace.

PROMISES OF DIVINE MERCY.

5

Father! we own thy call;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation thou hast sent,
And love and praise thy name.

184. C. M.

Rejoicing in the Hope of Salvation.

1

SALVATION! oh the joyful sound!
'Tis music to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2

Salvation! oh the power and grace
That here triumphant reign,
To raise from death our sinful race
To life and God again!

3

Salvation! let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around;
And all the armies of the sky
Conspire to swell the sound.

185. P. M.

The Gospel Jubilee.—Lev. xxv. 10. Luke iv. 19.

1

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye wandering sinners, home.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

2

Behold the Son of God,
Commission'd from above,
To all the human race
The messenger of love ;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye contrite sinners, home.

3

The gospel-trumpet sounds ;
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear :
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye pardon'd sinners, home.

186. C. M.

Remorse and Sorrow assuaged by the Gospel.

1

WHEN rack'd with conscious guilt the mind,
Or overwhelm'd with grief,
Where shall the sinner pardon find,
The mourner seek relief?

2

It is the gospel's gracious page
Remorse and grief controls ;
There Jesus shines, through every age,
Physician of our souls.

3

How rich his promise, and how free !
How tender his request !
' Ye that are weary come to me,
' And I will give you rest.'

PROMISES OF DIVINE MERCY.

4

Bring then to him the contrite heart,
The sorrow-broken soul ;
He will a healing balm impart,
And make the spirit whole.

187. S. M.

‘ *By Grace ye are saved.*’—Eph. ii. 5.

1

GRACE ! heart-reviving sound,
Harmonious to the ear !
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2

Grace first contriv’d the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3

Grace taught our wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And fresh supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to God.

4

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

188. S. M.

Deliverance from the Bondage of Sin and Death.

1

JESUS removes the veil
Which hid the mercy-seat ;

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

And leads the child of penitence
Before his Father's feet.

2

From soul-debasing guilt,
He frees the troubled mind ;
And such as bear his gentle yoke
True liberty shall find.

3

And oh ! triumphant thought !
He calms the fear of death ;
Faith shows the Saviour's bursting tomb,
And soothes the parting breath.

189. L. M.

Divine Mercy assured by the Death of Christ.

1

How shall thy sinful creatures dare
Look up, O Lord, to thine abode ;
Or offer their imperfect prayer,
Before a just and holy God.

2

Bright terrors guard thine awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face ;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet ;
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

3

Thy promises, to which we fly,
Support our hope, our trust invite ;
Thou wilt accept contrition's cry,
For still is mercy thy delight.

4

Those promises are seal'd with blood ;
For thou didst send thy Son to die,

PROMISES OF DIVINE MERCY.

That sinful man might turn to God,
And from impending ruin fly.

5

With godly sorrow of the heart,
We seek again our Father's face :
Let gospel hopes new strength impart,
And make us children of thy grace.

190. C. M.

Peace the Effect of Penitence.

1

SWEET is the friendly voice which speaks
The words of life and peace ;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2

No healing Balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart ;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3

Thou still art merciful and kind ;
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal :
The broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4

Let thy bright presence, Lord, impart
Peace to my anxious breast ;
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

191. L. M.

Promises of Pardoning Mercy.

1

THERE is forgiveness, Lord ! with thee,
The humble penitent to cheer ;
That all who thy rich mercy see,
May hope and love, as well as fear.

2

More welcome than the morning's face
To those who long for breaking day,
Great God ! is that abundant grace
Which thy kind promises display.

3

Our trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall we trust thy word in vain :
Let contrite souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

192. C. M.

The Mercy of God in Christ Jesus.

1

O GOD, all-holy, and all-just !
Thy mercy we adore,
Which bids us in thy promise trust,
And go and sin no more.

2

When humbled, Lord, before thy face,
Or with despondence tried,
We see the tokens of thy grace
In Jesus crucified.

PROMISES OF DIVINE MERCY.

3

His word hath power to make us whole,
And life and light impart ;
To sanctify the inmost soul,
And heal the broken heart.

4

Our life's best praise, O God, be thine,
For this effulgent ray,
Sent from thy glorious light to shine,
And turn our gloom to day.

193. L. M.

Christ Jesus set forth as a Mercy-seat.—Rom. iii. 25.

1

BEHOLD the gospel Mercy-seat !
Let penitence in faith draw near :
Lo ! truth and grace with justice meet,
The humbled contrite soul to cheer.

2

When it bewails the stains of sin,
And shuns the unrighteous thought or deed,
Thou givest mercy, Lord, within,
And grace to help in time of need.

3

No longer let the gloom and fears
Of nature's twilight sink the heart ;
The Saviour's words dispel our tears,
And peace and hope and light impart.

4

He leads us to a Father's throne ;
And the sure hope through him is given,
That, when the work of faith is done,
We have a sinless home in heaven.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

194. P. M.

'Blessed are they that mourn.'—Matt. v. 4.

1

COME, ye who mourn, and dry your tears,
And let your sorrows cease ;
For lo ! the Son of Man appears,
To calm the sufferer's anxious fears,
And soothe his soul to peace.

2

Come, ye who mourn a sinful choice,
Come and efface the stain ;
For lo ! the blest Redeemer's voice
Bids every contrite heart rejoice,
And whispers peace again.

3

Come, ye who mourn, with woes oppress,
And cast your cares behind :
Come lean upon your Saviour's breast,
And hush the anxious soul to rest,
And calm the troubled mind.

4

Come, ye who weep departed friends,
Come, all to sorrow driven :
Lo ! o'er the grave hope's rainbow bends,
Whose beauty from the earth extends
And reaches up to heaven.

195. P. M.

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

1

ETERNAL God ! how frail is man !
Few are his hours, and short his span,
Between the cradle and the grave :

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

Who can prolong his vital breath?
Who from the bold demands of death
Hath skill to fly, or power to save?

2

But let no murmuring heart complain,
That therefore man is made in vain,
Nor the Creator's grace distrust:
For though his servants, day by day,
Go to their graves, and turn to clay;
A bright reward awaits the just.

3

Jesus hath made thy purpose known,
A new and better life hath shown,
And we the glorious tidings hear:
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That we can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4

That grace for ever, Lord, we praise,
Which to thy saints the hope displays,
Of endless life without a pain:
Let all below and all above,
Join to proclaim the wondrous love,
Which makes e'en death itself our gain!

196. C. M.

Treasures that wax not Old.

1

THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

2

Soon are these earthly treasures lost,
We fondly call our own ;
Scarce the possession can we boast,
When straight we find them gone.

3

But there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store ;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

4

To those the rising soul aspires,
Secure to find her rest ;
And glories in such wide desires,
Of all her wish possest.

5

The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above,
To ample harvests grow.

197 C. M.

The Death of Friends Improved.

1

MUST friends and kindred droop and die,
Must helpers be withdrawn,
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone ?

2

Be thou our comfort, mighty God !
Our helper and our friend :
Nor leave us in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end.

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

3

Oh may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led ;
While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

198. L. M.

*" All flesh is as grass—but the word of the Lord
endureth for ever "—1 Pet. i. 24, 25.*

1

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-day heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

2

Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's meridian ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

3

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the opening rose.

4

But worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away,

5

Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine ;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL

6

Let sickness blast, and death devour,
Since heaven will recompence our pains :
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
Since firm the word of God remains.

199. C. M.

On the Death of a Young Person.

1

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour ;
How soon the vapour flies !
Man is a tender transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2

The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs ;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

3

But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo ! stern winter flies ;
And dress'd in beauty's fairest bloom
The flowery tribes arise.

4

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

200. C. M.

The Frailty of Life urging to Spiritual Wisdom.

1

LORD, what a feeble frame is ours !
How vain a thing is man !

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

How frail are all his boasted powers !
And short, at best, his span !

2

Swift as the feather'd arrow flies,
And cuts the yielding air ;
Or as a kindling meteor dies,
Ere it can well appear :

3

So pass our fleeting years away,
And time runs on its race ;
In vain we ask a moment's stay,
Nor will it slack its pace.

4

But, Lord ! what mighty things depend
On our precarious breath !
And soon this dying life will end
In endless life or death.

5

Oh ! make us truly wise, to learn
How very frail we are ;
That we may mind our grand concern,
And for our change prepare.

201. L. M.

Life the only Season of Preparation for Eternity.

1

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

2

The living know that they must die ;
But all the dead in silence lie ;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

3

There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste ;
Nor penitence nor prayer are known,
Where death and darkness hold their throne.

4

Then the great work we have to do,
Let us with all our might pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

202. C. M.

The Peace of the Grave.—Job iii. 17—19.

1

How still and peaceful is the grave,
Where, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last !

2

The wicked there from troubling cease ;
There passions rage no more ;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3

There rest the prisoners, now releas'd
From slavery's sad abode ;
No more they hear the oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

4

There, servants, masters, small, and great,
Partake the same repose,
And there, in peace the ashes blend
Of those who once were foes.

5

All, levell'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb ;
Till God in judgment call them forth
To meet their righteous doom.

203. C. M.

*The vegetable Creation an Emblem of the
Resurrection of Man.*

1

ALL nature dies and lives again :
The flower that paints the field,
And trees that crown the mountain's brow,
To blasting winter yield.

2

Yet, soon reviving, plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

3

So to the dreary grave consign'd,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom ;
But an eternal morn will wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

4

Oh may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I at length shall gladly rise,
And mingle with the blest !

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

5

I see in faith my leader nigh ;
Jesus, my Saviour, lives :
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

6

Lord of my life ! inspire my heart
With love and strength divine ;
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
For life and death are thine.

204. L. M.

Revelation of Everlasting Life.—Eph. v. 7—11.

1

GLORY to God, and endless praise !
Now he unveils his gracious throne ;
Unfolds to man his wondrous ways,
And makes his hidden mercies known.

2

No more we seek the dubious ray
That faintly cheer'd the heathen sage ;
Behold, an everlasting day
Beams from the gospel's glorious page.

3

The tomb no more is full of dread :
We are as pilgrims on our road ;
And though death's valley we must tread,
There is beyond a blest abode.

4

Then hence, ye grovelling cares of earth !
Away, ye sinful deeds of night !
We will assert our heavenly birth,
And walk as children of the light.

205. C. M.

*Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection
of Christ.*

1

BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord !
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave us all a lively hope
Of rising, ne'er to die.

3

What though the frame of man requires,
That we should see the dust ;
Since Christ, our pledge and pattern, rose,
So all his followers must.

4

There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

5

Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till the salvation come ;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till he shall call us home.

Redemption from Sin and Death.

1

SONS of Adam ! join to raise
Songs of gratitude and praise :
Emulate the choirs above ;
Celebrate eternal love.

2

Raptur'd, all the sons of light
Hail'd the morn, with mercy bright,
When in beauty rose this globe,
Teeming life its gorgeous robe.

3

More the joy, the rapture higher,
(Joy and rapture love inspire,)
When the glorious charge from heaven,
To the Son of God was given :

4

' Go, proclaim Jehovah's grace ;
Fear destroy, and guilt efface ;
Conquer death, unbar the grave :
Lo ! thy work—a world to save.'

5

But the joy, the ecstasy !
Language fails and praises die,
When from myriad happy tongues
Warble thus immortal songs :

6

' Where, O sin, thy deadly sting ?
Where thy power, terrific king ?
Christ triumphant ! man restor'd !
God, in all, by all ador'd !'

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

207. C. M.

Victory over Death.

1

OH for a firm and lively faith,
That may the grave defy,
And, trusting what the gospel saith,
May triumph when we die !

2

Joyful, with all the strength we have,
Our feeble lips should sing,
'Where is thy boasted victory, grave ?
O death ! where is thy sting ?'

3

Pardon and life—O glorious word !
A life that never ends—
Were, by our dying, rising Lord,
Ensur'd to all his friends.

4

All glory be to God on high,
And endless thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors though we die,
Through Christ our living Head.

208. L. M.

Heaven the Reward of Virtuous Exertion.

1

THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day ;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

2

There shall the servants of the Lord
With never-fading lustre shine ;
Surprising honour, vast reward,
Conferr'd on man by love divine !

3

How blest are those, how truly wise,
Who learn and keep the heavenly road !
Whom love, with holy zeal, employs
To bring the wanderer back to God.

4

The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light ;
But these shall know nor change, nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.

5

On wings of faith and strong desire
Oh may our spirits daily rise ;
And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies !

209. L. M.

*Final Acceptance of all who fear God and work
Righteousness.—Acts x. 35.*

1

FROM north and south, from east and west,
Advance the myriads of the blest ;
From every clime of earth they come,
And find in heaven a common home.

2

In one immortal throng we view
Pagan and Christian, Greek and Jew ;
But all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only God they now adore.

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

3

Howe'er divided here below,
One bliss, one spirit, now they know ;
Though some ne'er heard of Jesus' name,
Yet God admits their humble claim.

4

On earth, according to their light,
They aim'd to practise what was right ;
Hence are they graciously forgiven,
And Jesus welcomes them to heaven.

210. C. M.

Heaven Invisible and Holy.

1

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

2

But the good spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come ;
The beams of glory in his word,
Allure and guide us home.

3

The heavenly gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame :
Oh may we gain admittance there,
As followers of the Lamb.

211. C. M.

Hope of Immortality.

1

THOSE happy realms of joy and peace
Fain would my heart explore,

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

Where grief and pain for ever cease,
And I shall sin no more.

2

No darkness there shall cloud the eyes,
No languor seize the frame ;
But ever active vigour rise,
To feed the vital flame.

3

But ah ! a dreary vale between
Extends its awful gloom :
Fear spreads, to hide the distant scene,
The horrors of the tomb.

4

Oh for the eye of faith divine,
To pierce beyond the grave !
To see that Friend, and call him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save !

5

Here fix, my soul ! for life is here ;
Light breaks amid the gloom :
Trust in Jehovah's love, nor fear
The horrors of the tomb.

212. C. M.

Prospect of Heaven.

1

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise ;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

2

There pain and sickness never come,
No bosom heaves a sigh,
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And pure is every joy.

3

No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, that source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4

There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's uncertain ray :
But glory, from the eternal throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

5

Oh may this heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love !
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

213. S. M.

Adoption.—1 John. iii. 1—5.

1

BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On creatures of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God !

2

Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

R

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

3

A hope that's so divine
May trials well endure ;
May cleanse our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

214. C. M.

Grace perfected in Glory.

1

How rich thy favours, God of grace !
How various, how divine !
Full as the ocean they are pour'd,
And bright as heaven they shine.

2

God to eternal glory calls,
And shows the wondrous way
To those bright realms of peace and joy,
Where reigns unclouded day.

3

The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

215. C. M.

The Hope of Heaven a Support in Death.

1

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

2

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4

But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5

Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise ;
And view the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes :

6

Could we but stand, as Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

216. C. M.

Hope and Comfort of the dying Christian.

1

HARK !—to the gospel's cheering voice ;
Lend ye a listening ear ;
'Twill make the pious heart rejoice,
And dry up every tear.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

2

For ever blessed are the dead
That in the Lord shall die ;
His servants on a dying bed
Should raise their praises high.

3

They leave their burdens here behind,
And bid farewell to woe ;
Labour will end when life's resign'd,
Their rest no period know.

4

They'll toil no more for daily bread,
No more of sin complain ;
No more a want will find, nor dread,
Nor feel nor fear a pain.

5

But vast rewards shall recompense
Their faithful service here :
And power and love shall banish thence
All frailty and all fear.

217. C. M.

" Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

Rev. xiv. 3.

1

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead :
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2

They die in Jesus and are blest :
How calm their slumbers are !
From suffering and from sin releas'd,
And freed from every snare.

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

3

Gone from this world of toil and strife,
They rest in thee, O Lord !
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

218. C. M.

" This mortal shall put on immortality."
1 Cor. xv. 52—58.

1

WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,
The opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake.

2

Those bodies that corrupted fell,
Shall uncorrupted rise ;
And mortal forms shall spring to life,
Immortal in the skies.

3

Let faith lift up her joyful voice,
Let hope exulting sing :
O grave ! where is thy triumph now ?
O death ! where is thy sting ?

4

Our God—his name be ever blest !—
Disarms that foe we dread,
And makes us conquerors when we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

5

Then steadfast let us still remain,
Though dangers rise around ;
And in the work prescrib'd by God
Yet more and more abound.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

219. P. M.

Our Labour in the Lord shall not be in vain.

1

If we the Saviour's laws obey,
Submissive to his righteous sway,
Our happiness is sure :
Whate'er befall us here below,
Of toil, of suffering, joy or woe,
The trial soon is o'er.

2

The day will come when we shall hear
The Judge's awful call, ' draw near,'
And rise to bliss on high ;
O'er death triumphant wing our way
To realms of everlasting day,
To joys that never die.

3

Thanks be to God's redeeming grace,
That sav'd our sinful mortal race,
Through Christ our glorious Head ;
Who took the sting of death away,
Destroy'd the grave's terrific sway,
And wide his triumph spread.

4

Then steadfast in his work abide,
Unmov'd by every hope beside,
Abounding in his love :
Ye know your labour's not in vain,
Since life, eternal life, you gain,
With Christ, your Lord, above.

220. P. M.

The Future Recompence of Present Trials.

1

THE Man who was crowned with thorns,
Whom sinners agreed to deride,
Who meekly bore scourgings and scorns,
And for us on Calvary died,
Now blessed for ever is made,
And God hath rewarded his pain ;
Now glory hath crowned his head ;
Heaven sings of the Lamb that was slain.

2

By faith we contemplate his joy,
And hope in due season to share ;
For, as our forerunner on high,
Our places he's gone to prepare :
Then let us look forward to this,
And joyfully take up our cross ;
His servants shall be where he is,
And all that we lose is but dross.

3

The good to his followers done,
(For so hath his gospel declar'd,)
As done to himself he will own,
And crown with an endless reward :
They are honour'd whom he shall approve ;
Their riches shall never decay ;
Their joy is complete in his love ;
Their tears shall be all wip'd away.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

4

His God and his Father is ours ;
Our foes and our arms are the same ;
The world, with its dangerous powers,
By faith and by hope he o'ercame :
Then let us march cheerfully on,
The road that before us he trod :
It leads us where he is now gone,
To heaven, himself, and his God.

221. P. M.

The Judge Descending.

1

Lo ! he comes, from heaven descending,
Sent to judge both quick and dead !
Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
See our great exalted Head :
Hallelujah !
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2

Full of awful expectation,
All before the Judge appear ;
Truth and justice go before him ;
Now the joyful sentence hear :
Hallelujah !
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

3

' Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy ;
Banish all your fears and sorrows,
Endless praise be your employ :'
Hallelujah !
' Welcome, welcome, to the skies !'

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

4

Now at once they rise to glory,
Jesus brings them to the King ;
There, with all the hosts of heaven,
They eternal anthems sing ;
Hallelujah !
Glory be to God on high !

222. C. M.

Death and Judgment.

1

HEAVEN has pronounc'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die :
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2

Ye living men, the tomb survey
Where you must quickly dwell ;
Hark how the awful mandate sounds,
In every funeral knell !

3

Once you must die, and once for all ;
The solemn purport weigh ;
For know, that heaven and hell are hung
On that important day.

4

Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake, the Judge to see ;
And every word, and every thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

5

Oh may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend ;

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

223. L. M.

The Dissolution of the Present World.

1

My waken'd soul extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things ;
See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

2

This wreck of nature all around,
The angels' shout, the trumpet's sound,
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

3

Children of Adam ! all appear
With reverence round his awful bar :
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To heavenly bliss or dreadful woe.

4

Lord ! to mine eyes this scene display
Frequent through each revolving day ;
And let thy grace my soul prepare
To meet its full redemption there !

224. C. M.

Approaching Death and Judgment.

1

THE day approaches, O my soul !
The great decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

2

Another day more awful dawns ;
Behold the Judge appear !
All nations stand before his bar
Their final doom to hear.

3

Yet does one short preparing hour,
One precious hour remain ;
Rouse then, my soul ! with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

225. P. M.

The Day of Judgment.

1

HEAR, O ye dead, awake, arise !
The solemn trumpet shakes the skies ;
The awful Judge is near.
Angelic guards attend him down ;
And flaming round his fiery throne,
A thousand terrors glare.

2

Pale guilt looks upwards with amaze ;
She trembles while the terrors blaze,
And conscience tells her doom :
Struck with unutterable dread,
The sinner fain would hide his head,
And shrink into the tomb.

3

But ye, his happy saints, rejoice !
No terrors hath the Monarch's voice,
His looks no frowns, for you :

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

He comes your spirits to convey
To regions of eternal day,
To joys for ever new.

4

‘Bless’d of my Father! haste,’ he cries;
‘In joyful triumph mount the skies,
To nobler worlds above:
There shall ye share my blissful sight,
And taste the fulness of delight
In my eternal love.’

226. P. M.

The Day of Judgment anticipated.

1

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

BOOK IV.

HYMNS RESPECTING THE DUTIES AND
TRIALS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

227. L. M.

The Christian's Character and Prospect.

Tit. ii. 10—13.

1

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our gracious God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of our Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Living habitually in the Fear of God.

1

THRICE happy men, whose home is heaven,
While yet they sojourn here !
Each day they with their God begin,
And spend it in his fear.

2

Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne ;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

3

As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought ;
And by each various providence.
Some wise instruction brought.

4

When to laborious duty call'd,
Or by temptation tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy power,
And in thy strength confide.

5

As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.

6

In solid pure delights like these,
Let all our days be past ;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear, the last.

229. C. M.

The Duties of Piety.

1

My soul ! before thy Maker bow ;
His wondrous works admire,
Till reverence and religious awe
Thine inmost thoughts inspire.

2

With humble trust dismiss thy cares,
And on his love depend ;
Leave him to manage thine affairs ;
To him thyself commend.

3

Let high esteem affection raise,
Devotion warm thy breast ;
Let thankful love excite thy praise,
In him alone be blest.

4

To him thy solemn homage pay,
His constant aid implore ;
Give thanks for mercies every day,
And thus prepare for more.

5

Without reserve to him submit ;
All his commands fulfil ;
Acknowledge all his dealings fit,
Nor e'er oppose his will.

230. L. M.

Imitation of God.

1

GREAT God ! thy matchless excellence
Let all created nature own ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Deep on our minds impress the sense
Of glories which are thine alone.

2

Let these our admiration raise,
And fill us with religious awe :
Tune all our hearts and tongues to praise,
And bend us to thy holy law.

3

But where we may resemble thee,
And in thy perfect nature share,
Thy humble followers let us be,
And somewhat of thy likeness bear.

4

Pure may we be ; averse from sin ;
Just, holy, merciful, and true ;
And let thine image, form'd within,
Shine out in all we speak and do.

231. C. M.

The Power of Faith.

1

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares ;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares.

2

The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3

Wide it unveils the heavenly state,
Where bliss will ever reign ;
And bids us seek our portion there ;
Nor bids us seek in vain.

4

On that bright prospect may we rest,
Till this frail body dies ;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

232. L. M.

Faith the Support of Hope and Fortitude.

1

FAITH is the lively evidence
Of things unseen by mortal eyes ;
It passes all the bounds of sense,
And penetrates the inmost skies.

2

With strong persuasion, from afar
The heavenly regions it surveys ;
Embraces all the blessings there,
And here enjoys the promises.

3

By faith our steady course we steer,
Through ruffling storms and raging seas ;
Renew our strength, subdue our fear,
And still possess our souls in peace.

4

By this we pass the desert through,
Safe and serene, though oft distress ;
By this the king of fears subdue,
And go rejoicing to our rest.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

233. C. M.

The Characters of True Faith.

1

MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And claim celestial birth—
That tell of joys, and sins forgiven—
While still enslav'd to earth.

2

Vain are our hopes, or high delights,
If faith be cold and dead;
A living faith alone unites
To Christ the living Head.

3

The faith that purifies the heart,
The faith that works by love,
This to the soul will life impart,
And fix its hopes above.

4

The faith which conquers earth and hell
By its celestial power,
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

234. L. M.

Devotion vain without Virtue.

1

THE uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee :
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER AND ITS BLESSEDNESS.

2

Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?

3

The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resign'd,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than fragrant groves or fertile fields.

4

'Be just and kind'—that great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand:
This did thine ancient Prophets teach;
This did the great Messiah preach.

235. C. M.

Obedience better than Sacrifice.—Ps. l.

1

THUS saith the Lord, 'the spacious fields,
And flocks, and herds, are mine;
O'er all the cattle of the hills,
I claim a right divine.

2

'I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
To obey and love, to pray and praise,
Is all that I require.

3

'Call upon me, when trouble's near,
My hand shall set thee free;
Then shall thy thankful lips declare,
The honour due to me.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4

‘The man who offers humble praise,
He glorifies me best;
And those who tread my holy ways,
Shall my salvation taste.’

236. C. M.

The Advantages of seeking the Knowledge of God.

1

SHINE forth, eternal Source of light !
And make thy glories known ;
Fill our enlarg’d, adoring sight,
With lustre all thine own.

2

Vain are the charms, and faint the rays,
The brightest creatures boast ;
And all their grandeur, all their praise,
Is in thy presence lost.

3

To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill :
True science is to learn thy name ;
True life, to do thy will.

237. C. M.

“ Our Strength is in the Lord.”—Is. xl. 27.

1

SUPREME in wisdom, as in power,
The Rock of ages stands ;
We see him not, yet may we trace
The workings of his hands.

2

He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart ;
And courage, in the evil hour,
His heavenly aids impart.

3

Mere human powers shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease ;
But those who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.

4

They, with unwearied feet, shall tread
The path of life divine ;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5

On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
The wings of faith and love ;
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

238. C M.

The Blessings of Early Restraint.—Lam. iii. 27—29.

1

BLEST is he, Lord, who learns to bear
Thy yoke in early youth ;
Whom teachings of thine own prepare
Betimes to obey thy truth.

2

Good is it in thy holy sight,
Who view'st with gracious eyes,
E'en with a Father's kind delight,
The early sacrifice.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3

His shall be light in darkest gloom ;
His, patient waiting too ;
By thine unfailing arm of power
His strength he shall renew.

4

To him, in thine appointed time,
That hope shall yet appear,
Whose power, eternal and sublime,
Can cast out every fear.

239. C. M.

The Advantages of Early Religion.

1

HAPPY is he, whose early years
Receive instruction well ;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2

Youth, when devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower that's offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

3

'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

4

It saves us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young ;
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And makes our virtue strong.

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER AND ITS BLESSEDNESS.

5

To thee, Almighty God ! to thee
Our hearts we now resign ;
'Twill please us to look back, and see
That our whole lives were thine.

240. S. M.

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.—Ps. i.

1

THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinners' ways ;
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place :

2

But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3

He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root ;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heavenly fruit.

4

Not so the ungodly race ;
They no such blessings find ;
Their hopes shall flee, like empty chaff,
Before the driving wind.

5

The Lord our God approves
The way the righteous go ;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

241. C. M.

The Mercy of God to his Servants.

1

LORD ! how resplendent shines thy grace,
Through sorrow's darkest sky,
To those who humbly seek thy face,
And on thy love rely.

2

If wealth take wings and fly away,
They still have stores divine ;
A treasure that shall ne'er decay,
A pure, exhaustless mine.

3

When death removes their earthly joys,
Not hopeless they deplore ;
They look to those eternal skies,
Where friends shall part no more.

4

And when, with conscious guilt opprest,
They own their sins to thee,
Thou dost revive the fainting breast,
With pardon, full and free.

5

O Lord, to thee our hearts we'll bring,
Fix'd in thy love and fear ;
Then shall our sorrows lose their sting,
And dry be every tear.

242. C. M.

The Blessedness of Godly Fear.

1

BLEST is the man that fears the Lord ;
His well establish'd mind,

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER AND ITS BLESSEDNESS.

In every varying scene of life,
Shall true composure find.

2

Oft through the deep and stormy sea,
His heavenward course must lie ;
But on a glorious world beyond,
His faith can fix its eye.

3

Though dark his present prospects be,
And sorrows round him dwell,
Yet hope can whisper to his soul
That all shall issue well.

4

Full in the presence of his God,
Through every scene he goes ;
And, fearing him, no other fear
His steadfast bosom knows.

5

No dangers can his soul alarm,
No gloomy views affright ;
For faith assures his humble heart,
Whatever is, is right.

242. C. M.

God the Christian's Refuge.

1

WHEN storms hang o'er the Christian's head,
He flies unto his God ;
And, under his refreshing shade,
Finds a secure abode.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2

When foes without, and fears within,
Seek to disturb his peace ;
To God he makes his sorrows known,
And straight his sorrows cease.

3

When winds of strong temptation blow,
And floods of trouble roll,
God is the help and refuge too
Of his distressed soul.

243. C. M.

*The Supports of the Righteous in the Hour of Death,
contrasted with the Death-bed of the Wicked.*

1

WHAT scenes of horror, and of dread,
Await the sinner's dying bed,
When all his sins before him rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise !

2

Not so the heir of heavenly bliss ;
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace ;
A steady faith subdues his fear ;
He sees the heavenly Canaan near.

3

No terrors in his look are seen ;
His mind is tranquil and serene ;
His Saviour's smile dispels his gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.

4

Oh be my faith and love sincere,
My heart renew'd, my conscience clear !
That when the toils of life are past,
I may be found in peace at last.

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER AND ITS BLESSEDNESS.

244. C. M.

Comforts of Religion in Sickness and Death.

1

WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each dazzling pleasure flies ;
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long deluded eyes.

2

Then the tremendous arm of death
Its fatal sceptre shows ;
And nature faints beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.

3

The tottering frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust :
Nature shall faint ; but learn, my soul,
On nature's God to trust.

4

The man whose pious heart is fix'd
On his all-gracious God,
In every frown may comfort find,
And kiss the chastening rod.

5

Nor him shall death itself alarm ;
On heaven his soul relies ;
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with composure dies.

245. L. M.

Blessedness of true Contrition.

1

BLEST is the man, for ever blest,
Whose numerous sins are covered o'er ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

The humble soul, to whom the Lord
Imputes his guilty deeds no more.

2

He mourns his sinful follies past,
And keeps his heart with constant care ;
His lips and life without deceit,
Shall prove his penitence sincere.

3

The man who hides his conscious guilt
Shall pine beneath a secret wound ;
But he who owns and leaves his faults
With peace and pardon shall be crown'd.

4

The Lord hath rais'd a throne of grace,
Free to dispense his mercies there,
That sinners may approach his face,
And hope and love as well as fear.

246. P. M.

The unrivalled Beauty and Glory of Religion.

1

SOFT are the fruitful showers that bring
The welcome promise of the spring,
And soft the vernal gale ;
Sweet the wild warbling notes that rise
In grateful chorus to the skies,
And gladden every vale :

2

But softer, in the mourner's ear,
Sounds the mild voice of mercy near,
That whispers sins forgiven ;

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER AND ITS BLESSEDNESS.

And sweeter far the music swells,
When to the raptur'd soul she tells
Of peace and promis'd heaven.

3

Fair are the flowers that deck the ground ;
And groves and gardens, blooming round,
Unnumber'd charms unfold ;
Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
And bright the beams of setting day,
Which robe the clouds in gold :

4

But far more fair the pious breast,
In richer robes of goodness drest,
Where heaven's own graces shine ;
And brighter far the prospects rise,
Which burst on faith's delighted eyes
From glories all divine.

5

All earthly charms, however dear,
Howe'er they please the eye or ear,
Will quickly fade and fly ;
Of earthly glory faint the blaze,
And soon the transitory rays
In endless darkness die.

6

The nobler beauties of the just
Shall never moulder in the dust,
Or know a sad decay ;
Their honours time and death defy,
And round the throne of God on high
Beam everlasting day.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

247. L. M.

A good Conscience the best Support.

1

WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,
And seek the joys which hurt the soul ;
Be mine that silent, calm repast,
A peaceful conscience to the last :

2

That tree which bears immortal fruit
Without a canker at the root ;
That friend who never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.

3

With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismay'd ;
But fearless meet the midnight gloom,
Nor dread the horrors of the tomb.

4

Though heaven afflict, I'll not repine ;
The noblest comforts still are mine ;
Comforts which shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.

248. L. M.

Influence of Religion on the Heart.

1

WHEN mild religion from above
Descends, a sweet engaging form,
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise in a storm ;

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER AND ITS BLESSEDNESS.

2

Then guilty passions take their flight,
Sorrow, remorse, affliction, cease ;
Religion's yoke is soft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

3

Ambition, pride, revenge depart ;
And folly flies her chastening rod ;
She makes the humble contrite heart
A temple of the living God.

4

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

5

Refin'd by her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain ;
Rise when the hosts of heaven expire,
And reign with God, for ever reign !

249. C. M.

The Comforts of Religion.

1

WHEN gloomy thoughts and boding fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
An universal shade :

2

Religion's dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul ;
And every fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3

Through life's bewilder'd darksome way,
Her hand unerring leads ;
And o'er the path, her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

4

When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid ;
Then, blest supporter of the mind !
How powerful is thine aid.

5

Oh may our hearts confess her power,
And find a sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And soften every grief.

250. S. M.

The Pleasures of Religion.

1

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround his throne.

2

The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place !
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3

God, our eternal Friend,
No present good denies ;
And, when the scenes of time shall end,
Will call us to the skies.

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER AND ITS BLESSEDNESS.

4

There shall we see his face
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5

The sons of God have found
Glory begin below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

6

Then let our sorrows cease,
And every tear be dry ;
We're travelling through the paths of peace,
To fairer worlds on high.

251. P. M.

*Peace and Happiness arising from Religious
Obedience.*

1

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast the blessing lies ;
They err who roam abroad :
The world has little to bestow ;
From well-train'd hearts our peace must flow,
Hearts that delight in God.

2

Then let us, with a grateful mind,
Take what our Father, ever kind,
Doth graciously bestow ;
The blessings that he sends enjoy,
And in his praise find sweet employ,
From whom our comforts flow.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleas'd with favours given—
This is the wise, the virtuous part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

4

Thus, crown'd with peace, thro' life we'll go;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe,
With holy care we'll tread :
Then, too, without a gloomy fear,
That awful voice we'll hope to hear,
Which calls us to the dead.

5

For conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
To cheer our dying breath ;
And faith shall fix our thankful eye,
On mansions of unmingled joy,
Beyond the reach of death.

252. C. M.

The Way and End of the Righteous.

1

O GOD ! the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will ;
Though they should fall, they rise again ;
Thy hand supports them still.

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER AND ITS BLESSEDNESS.

2

The Lord delights to see their ways ;
Their virtue he approves ;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3

The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home ;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4

Mark then the man of righteousness !
His several steps attend ;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

253. L. M.

The Character of a Righteous Man.—Ps. xv.
xxiv. 4.

1

Who shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God ! and dwell before thy face ?
The man who seeks thy will to know,
And humbly walks with God below :

2

Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean ;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean :
No slanders dwell upon his tongue ;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3

Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good ;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4

He doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them :
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

254. S. M.

Blessedness of Peace and Love.

1

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2

Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet :

3

When love, from Christ the spring,
Descends to every soul ;
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

255. L. M.

The Blessedness of the Pious and Charitable.
Ps. cxiii.

1

THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word :
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER AND ITS BLESSEDNESS.

2

Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd ;
He lends the poor some present aid ;
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3

When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his power is there.

4

His soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word ;
Amid the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.

5

He hath dispers'd his alms abroad ;
His works are still before his God ;
His name on earth shall long endure,
And his reward in heaven is sure.

256. L. M.

Love to God and our Neighbour.

1

THUS saith the first, the great command :
' Let all thine inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God,
With utmost vigour and delight.

2

' Then shall thy neighbour next in place
Share thine affections and esteem ;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him.'

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3

But oh, how base our passions are !
How cold our charity and zeal !
Lord ! warm our souls with heavenly fire,
And mould our spirits to thy will.

257. S. M.

Family Affection influenced by Religion.

1

How pleasing, Lord ! to see,
How pure is the delight,
When mutual love, and love to thee,
A family unite.

2

From those celestial springs
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honours can bestow.

3

All in their stations move,
And each performs his part,
In all the cares of life and love,
With sympathizing heart.

4

Form'd for the purest joys,
By one desire possess'd,
One aim the zeal of all employs,
To make each other bless'd.

5

No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet,
While mingled praise and mingled prayers
Make their communion sweet.

SOCIAL DUTIES.

6

'Tis the same pleasure fills
The breast in worlds above ;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

258. C. M.

Pious Education.

1

LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God perform'd of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2

He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down,
Through every rising race.

3

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs ;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4

Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

The Parents' Prayer.

1

God only wise, Almighty, Good !
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright.

2

Grant us thy wisdom and thy grace,
To teach as taught by thee :
Aid us to train, in all thy ways,
Our rising progeny.

3

We would in every step look up,
By thine instructions taught,
To alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.

4

We would persuade their hearts to obey ;
With mildest zeal proceed ;
And never take the harsher way,
When love may well succeed.

5

For this we ask, in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above,
To train their hearts to filial fear,
And pure ingenuous love ;

6

To watch their will, to sense inclin'd ;
To guide in virtue's road ;
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their heart to God,

SOCIAL DUTIES.

260. P. M.

The Parent's Prayer.

1

FATHER of all, whose sovereign will
Hath call'd thy servant to fulfil
The parent's tender part !
With gifts and graces from above,
With calmest care, and wisest love,
Endue my erring heart.

2

Oh may I never cease to see
The one great end, for which to me
Thou hast my children given !
Aided by energy divine,
To bring to thee, and keep them thine,
And train them up for heaven.

3

My first concern, their souls to rear,
Grant me, O Lord, with godly fear,
In virtue's paths to lead ;
To form their childhood and their youth,
With love, and purity, and truth ;
With living bread to feed.

4

Oh let thy word their footsteps guide ;
And may their faith in Christ abide,
And fix their hopes on high :
Lead them to thee their hearts to give ;
And let them to thy glory live,
Or in thy favour die.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

5

Parents and children—may we grow
In grace and virtue here below ;
And when death's vale is past,
Oh then to us the bliss be given,
To form a family in heaven
Without a wanderer lost.

261. L. M.

Family Devotion.

1

FATHER of men ! thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace :
From thee they sprang, and by thy hand
The root and branches are sustain'd.

2

To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd !
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3

To thee let each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows ;
And servants, with the rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4

Oh may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name ;
While, pleas'd and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

SOCIAL DUTIES.

262. L. M.

A Prayer for Brotherly Love.

1

O GOD my Father, and my King !
Of all I have or hope the spring ;
Inspire my heart with fervent love,
Like that which fills thy courts above.

2

May I from every act abstain
That hurts or gives my neighbour pain ;
And every secret wish suppress,
That would abridge his happiness.

3

Still may I feel my heart inclin'd
To be the friend to all mankind :
Still wish them safety, health, and ease,
Both present, and eternal peace.

4

With pity let my breast o'erflow,
When I behold a brother's woe ;
And sympathizing bear a part,
Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.

5

Let love through all my conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine !
Let me thy humble follower prove,
Father of men, great God of Love !

263. P. M.

Love to Man, the Return for the Love of God.

1

FATHER of our feeble race !
Wise, beneficent, and kind !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfin'd :
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

2

Lord ! what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow :
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye exprest ;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;

3

Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love embracing all our kind,
Charity with liberal store :
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to shew our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

264. C. M.

Love enjoined by Christ.

1

BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands !
His weeping followers gathering round,
Receive his last commands.

SOCIAL DUTIES.

2

From that mild Teacher's parting lips,
What tender accents fell !
The gentle precept which he gave,
Became its author well.

3

' Blest is the man, whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain :

4

' Whose breast expands with generous
warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound,
He wants the power to heal.

5

' He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief ;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

6

' To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

7

' Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give ;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

8

‘To him protection shall be shewn ;
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

265. C. M.

Effects of Christian Love.

1

WITH pure delight the bosom glows,
Where love to God resides ;
And blest, and blessing, is his heart
Where charity abides.

2

Prompted by love, to misery’s call
He never shuts his ear ;
And o’er the sorrows others feel,
Oft sheds the silent tear.

3

Doth virtue in distress appear ?
Doth grief the heart invade ?
Doth humble poverty complain,
And seek his friendly aid ?

4

Benevolence his bosom warms,
And love his actions guides ;
A friend in him the poor man finds ;
In him the heart confides.

5

For him, the sweet rewards of love
On earth, are kept in store ;
And God will be his constant Friend,
His portion evermore.

SOCIAL DUTIES.

266. C. M.

Love the most excellent of Christian Graces.

1

IF love with other graces reign,
The mind is truly blest ;
For love, the noblest of the train,
Aids and exalts the rest.

2

Love suffers long, with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste ;
She lets the present injury die,
And soon forgets the past.

3

Meekness and peace her bosom fill,
From wrath and malice pure ;
She hopes, believes, and thinks no ill,
And all things will endure.

4

She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals men devise ;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those who rise.

5

She, by another's good requir'd,
Lays gain and ease aside :
Thus, by his fervent love inspir'd,
For us our Saviour died.

6

Love is the grace which keeps her power,
In realms of bliss above :
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints will ever love.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

267. C. M.

The Christian Law of Love.

1

FAR from thy servants, gracious God !
The unfeeling heart remove ;
And form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2

Oh may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe !

3

Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pain to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4

Oh be the law of love fulfill'd
In every act and thought ;
Each angry passion far remov'd,
Each selfish view forgot.

5

Be thou, my heart ! dilated wide
With this kind social grace ;
And, in one grasp of fervent love,
All earth and heaven embrace.

268. L. M.

Social Duty.

1

O GOD of love ! thy grace impart ;
With liberal views inspire the soul ;

SOCIAL DUTIES.

Enlarge the most contracted heart,
And every selfish wish control.

2

Oh may we, with sincere delight,
To all, the task of duty pay ;
Tender of every social right,
Obedient to thy righteous sway !

3

Teach us, in every trying hour,
To keep the paths of truth and love ;
To trust in thine all-gracious power,
And thus thy faithful servants prove.

269. C. M.

Equity.—Matt. vii. 12.

1

RELIGION'S path they never trod,
Who equity contemn ;
Nor ever are they just to God,
Who prove unjust to men.

2

Then let us search our ways, and try :
Have they been just and right ?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight ?

3

What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we still done the same ?
From others ne'er withheld the due
Which we from others claim ?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4

Have we ne'er envied others' good ?
Ne'er envied others' praise ;
In no man's path malignant stood,
Nor trod detraction's ways ?

5

Have we not, deaf to his request,
Turn'd from another's woe ?
The scorn which wrings the sufferer's breast,
Have we abhorr'd to show ?

6

Then may we raise our humble prayer
To God, the just and kind ;
Then humbly cast on him our care,
And hope his grace to find.

270. C. M.

The virtuous Use of Prosperity.

1

My gracious God ! accept my prayer :
If e'er thy love divine
Should prosper my well-meaning care,
And wealth should e'er be mine ;

2

May humble worth, without a fear,
Approach my open door :
Nor may I ever view a tear,
Regardless of the poor.

3

Oh bless me with an honest mind,
Above all selfish ends ;
Humanely warm to all mankind,
And cordial to my friends.

SOCIAL DUTIES.

4

With conscious truth and honour still
My actions may I guide ;
Nor know a fear, but that of ill ;
Nor yield my heart to pride.

5

Thee in remembrance may I bear ;
To thee my tribute raise ;
Conclude each day with fervent prayer,
And wake each morn with praise.

6

Thus in each action may I prove
My gratitude sincere ;
And share in heaven thy blissful love
Whose laws I follow here.

271. L. M.

Religion vain without Love.—1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

1

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use ;
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2

Were I inspir'd to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven or hell ;
Or could my faith the world remove ;
Still I am nothing without love.

3

Should I distribute all my store,
To feed, and clothe, and bless the poor ;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4

If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain :
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

272. L. M.

Charity and Uncharitableness.—Rom. xiii. 17.

1

NOT different food, and different dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord ;
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith, and obedience to his word.

2

When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the glorious gospel wrong ;
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.

3

Let pride and wrath be hence expell'd,
Meekness and love our souls pursue ;
And all be as our brethren held,
Who seek their Master's will to do.

273. S. M.

Christian Love.

1

LET party strife no more
The Christian world o'erspread,
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

SOCIAL DUTIES.

2

Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3

Envy and strife be gone,
And only kindness known ;
Where all one common Father have,
One common Master own.

4

Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

274. L. M.

Persecution and Intolerance.

1

ABSRD and vain the attempt ! to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind ;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wandering by destructive flame.

2

How arrogant ! to snatch from heaven
Dominion not to mortals given ;
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.

3

Jesus, thy gentle law of love
Doth no such tyranny approve ;
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine yields
No arms but what persuasion yields.

x 2

4

By proofs divine, and reasons strong,
It draws the willing soul along ;
And conquests to thy church acquires
By eloquence which heaven inspires.

275. L. M.

Charitable Judgment.

1

OMNISCIENT God ! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;
To judge, by principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2

Who among men, great Lord of all !
Thy servant to his bar shall call ;
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe ?

3

Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed ?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.

4

If wrong, correct ; accept, if right ;
While faithful we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

5

When shall our happy eyes behold
All Christians fashion'd in thy mould ;
And charity our lineage prove
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love !

PERSONAL DUTIES.

276. S. M.

Love of Truth.

1

IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye ;
But Christian truths the test invite ;
They bid us search and try.

2

May we, O Lord, maintain
A meek inquiring mind ;
Assur'd we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasure find.

3

With understanding blest,
Created to be free ;
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.

4

Lord ! give the light we need ;
With soundest knowledge fill ;
From baneful error guard our creed ;
From prejudice, our will.

5

The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own ;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

277. L. M.

Christian Zeal tempered by Charity.

1

GREAT God ! whose all-pervading eye
Sees every passion of the soul !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

When sunk too low, or rais'd too high,
Teach me those passions to control.

2

Temper the fervours of my frame ;
Be charity their constant spring ;
And oh let no unhallow'd flame
Pollute the offerings which I bring!

3

Let love with piety unite,
To change the bias of my will ;
While hope and heavenly faith excite,
And wisdom regulates, my zeal ;—

4

Wisdom, that wrath to meekness turns ;
Wisdom, descending from above ;
And let my zeal, whene'er it burns,
Be kindled by the flames of love.

278. S. M.

“Blessed are the Meek.”

1

‘BLEST are the meek,’ he said,
Whose doctrine is divine ;
The humble-minded, earth possess,
And bright in heaven will shine.

2

While here on earth they stay,
Calm peace with them shall dwell,
And cheerful hope, and heavenly joy,
Beyond what tongue can tell.

PERSONAL DUTIES.

3

The God of peace is theirs ;
They own his gracious sway ;
And yielding all their wills to him,
His sovereign laws obey.

4

No angry passions move,
No envy fires their breast ;
The prospect of eternal peace,
Bids every trouble rest.

5

O gracious Father ! grant
That we this influence feel,
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will !

279. L. M.

Meekness.

1

HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day !

2

No friendships broke, their bosom sting,
No storms their peaceful tent invade ;
They rest beneath the Almighty's wing ;
Hostile to none, of none afraid.

3

Spirit of grace, all meek and mild !
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess ;
Repel each passion, rude and wild ;
And bless us as we aim to bless.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

280. L. M.

Folly of Pride.

1

WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day—
Oh why should mortal man be proud ?

2

His brightest visions just appear ;
Then vanish, and no more are found :
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

3

By doubt perplex'd, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way ;
How vain of wisdom's gifts the boast !
Of reason's lamp, how faint the ray !

4

Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span :
How ill, alas, does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man !

5

God of our life ! Father divine !
Give us a meek and lowly mind ;
In modest worth, oh may we shine ;
And peace in humble virtue find.

281. C. M.

Humility and Submission.

1

Is there ambition in my heart ?
Search, gracious God ! and see :

PERSONAL DUTIES.

Or do I act a haughty part ?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2

I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild ;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3

The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward :
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

282. C. M.

Compassionate Intercession for the Thoughtless.

1

INDULGENT God ! with pitying eye
The sons of men survey :
Alas ! how thoughtless mortals sport
In sin's destructive way !

2

Ten thousand dangers lurk around
To bear them to the tomb ;
Each passing hour may place them where
Repentance cannot come.

3

Reclaim, O Lord, their wandering minds,
Amus'd with airy schemes ;
That heavenly wisdom may dispel
Their visionary dreams.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4

Guide and direct them by thy word
Their dangerous state to see ;
That they may seek and find the path
That leads to heaven and thee.

283. C. M.

Secret Devotion.

1

FATHER divine ! thy piercing eye
Looks through the shades of night ;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2

There shall that piercing eye survey
My humble worship paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3

I'll leave behind each earthly care ;
To thee my soul shall soar ;
While grateful praise, and fervent prayer,
Employ the silent hour.

4

So shall the sun in smiles arise,
The day shall close in peace ;
So wilt thou train me for the skies,
Where joy shall never cease.

284. C. M.

Prayer.

1

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd, or unexpress'd ;

PERSONAL DUTIES.

The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3

Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold he prays'.

5

Prayer is the christian's vital breath,
The christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death :
He enters heaven with prayer.

285. L. M.

Religious Retirement.

1

MY God! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2

Call me away from flesh and sense ;
Thy sovereign word can draw me thence ;
I would obey thy voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

3

Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone ;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

286. C. M.

Religious Retirement.

1

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee ;
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.

2

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3

There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !

4

Author and Guardian of my life,
Thou Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Father—thou art mine !

PERSONAL DUTIES.

5

What thanks I owe thee ! and what love !

A vast and boundless store
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more !

287. L. M.

Communing with the Heart.

1

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase earth's fleeting joys no more ;
Seek out some solitude, to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2

Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home,
Retir'd and silent ; seek them there :
True conquest, is ourselves to o'ercome ;
True strength, to break the tempter's snare.

3

And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each dark recess !
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

4

Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide ;
And still its radiant beams impart,
'Till all be search'd and purified.

5

Then with the visits of thy love
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;
'Till every grace shall join to prove
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

288. S. M.

Worldly Anxiety reprehended.

1

OH ! why should I perplex
My life with fruitless care ;
With fears and hopes, which idly vex,
And oft the heart ensnare ?

2

Can anxious thoughts increase
My days' appointed sum ?
Why waste I then my health and peace,
To hoard for years to come ?

3

To him, these low desires,
This sordid gain, I leave,
Who to no higher good aspires
Than what this world can give.

4

Then let to-morrow's cares
Until to morrow stay ;
The trouble which to-day prepares,
Suffices for to-day.

289. C. M.

Professions of Sincerity, Repentance, and Obedience.

1

THOU art my portion, O my God !
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste to obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

PERSONAL DUTIES.

2

I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice ;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3

The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes ;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4

Whene'er I've wander'd from thy path,
I think upon my ways ;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

5

Now I am thine, for ever thine ;
Oh save thy servant, Lord !
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place ;
My hope is in thy word.

6

Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil ;
And thus, till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

290. C. M.

Religious Reverence and Obedience.

1

WITH ardour I'll thy favour seek ;
Oh let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of love !
Nor tread the sinners' way.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2

Thy word I'll store within my heart,
To keep my mind serene,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3

My heart, with sacred reverence, hears
The threatenings of thy word ;
My anxious mind, with trembling, fears
Thy judgments, O my Lord.

4

O God, resign'd, I'll hope and wait
For thy salvation still :
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

291. C. M.

Holy Resolutions.

1

OH that thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind !
Thence should I feel a quickening power,
And daily peace should find.

2

To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

3

How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and passion's hateful bands,
And set my feet at large !

PERSONAL DUTIES.

4

My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name,
Whatever loss or scorn I bear;
Nor yield to fear or shame.

5

Let those depart, who wish to draw
My hands or heart to ill;
I love my God, I love his law,
And must obey his will.

292. C. M.

“Remember thy Creator in the days of thy Youth.”

1

IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and, trembling, wait
Its summons to the tomb,—

2

Remember thy Creator—God;
For him thy powers employ:
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

3

He shall defend and guide thy course,
Through life's uncertain sea;
Till thou art landed in the realms
Of never-ending day.

4

Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth:
The Lord will graciously accept
The offering of thy youth.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

293. L. M.

Preparation in Youth for the Trials of Life.

1 [remain,
WHILE health and strength and youth
And pleasures flow, uncheck'd by pain,
May I, O Lord, my soul prepare,
By faith, by penitence, and prayer.

2
So, when the snares of sin are spread
Around my unsuspecting head ;
Thy grace shall every sin control,
And from temptation guard my soul.

3
So, when the cares of life molest,
And rob my doubting mind of rest ;
Thy word shall bid the tempest cease,
And calm my anxious breast to peace.

4
So, when my youth and strength decay,
And life's bright vision fleets away ;
Eternal bliss my soul shall prove,
In realms of everlasting love.

294. C. M.

Christian Purity.

1
FROM every thought and wish impure,
Great God ! preserve my soul ;
May every rebel passion bow
To thy divine control.

PERSONAL DUTIES.

2

Sin has a thousand treacherous arts,
To lead the soul aside ;
Oh teach me every art to shun,
And be my constant guide !

3

Ne'er let me venture to begin
The gay enchanted round,
Nor, in the thoughtless guilty maze,
The slave of sin be found.

4

Oh grant me thine assisting grace,
Where'er I'm call'd to go !
Upheld by thee, my cautious feet
The paths of peace shall know.

5

Through all the dangerous scenes of life,
My way oh deign to trace !
And after death may I behold,
With joy, thy holy face !

295. L. M.

Faith in the Invisible God.—Heb. xi. 27.

1

ETERNAL and immortal King !
Thy matchless splendours none can bear ;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory's there.

2

Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see ;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fix'd regards, great God ! on thee.

3

Then every tempting form of sin,
Aw'd by thy presence, disappears ;
And all the glowing raptur'd soul,
The likeness it contemplates, wears.

4

This one petition would I urge—
To bear thee ever in my sight,
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
My only portion and delight !

296. L. M.

Fidelity in the Cause of Truth and Virtue.

1

SHALL I forsake that heavenly Friend,
On whom my highest hopes depend ?
Forbid it, Lord ! that e'er my heart
From truth and duty should depart.

2

First let the wheels of life stand still,
Ere I forget thy holy will ;
Ere I submit to guilty shame,
And thus disgrace my Saviour's name.

3

Faithful to him, and to his laws,
With zeal may I maintain his cause ;
Steadfast the work assign'd fulfil,
And learn, like him, to do thy will.

4

Till death shall end my mortal days,
Firm may I walk in duty's ways ;
And reap at last the bright reward,
Which waits the servants of the Lord.

PERSONAL DUTIES.

297. L. M.

The Christian Race.

1

AWAKE, our souls ! away, our fears !
Let every trembling thought be gone :
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road ;
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint :

3

The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4

From thee, the ever-flowing spring,
Our souls shall draw a large supply ;
While such as seek refreshing draughts
From mortal streams, shall droop and die.

5

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

298. L. M.

The Christian Warfare.

1

AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes !
See where thy foes against thee rise,

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

In long array, a numerous host :
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.

2

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
Perils and snares beset thee round :
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

3

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Put on the armour from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

4

The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell ;
The Man of Calvary triumph'd here ;
Why should his faithful followers fear ?

299. L. M.

The Christian's noble Resolution.

1

REDEEM me, Lord, from all the snares
With which the world surrounds my feet ;
Its grov'ling vanities and cares,
Its love, its hatred, its deceit.

2

May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve thee, Lord !
Nor from thy precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

PERSONAL DUTIES.

3

Oh be thy service all my joy !
Around let my example shine ;
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.

4

Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice ;
To yield to thy supreme control,
And in thy kind commands rejoice.

5

Oh may I never faint or tire,
Nor wandering leave thy sacred ways !
Great God ! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

300. L. M.

Abiding in Christ.—John vi.

1

FROM Christ, my Lord, shall I depart,
And rase his image from my heart ;
Forsake the beams of heavenly day,
And follow nature's feeble ray ?

2

Treasures of power and grace divine,
United, in my Saviour shine ;
Nor other name but his is given
To lead us to the joys of heaven.

3

True living bread his hands bestow ;
Pure living waters round him flow ;
And shall I from the fountain fly,
And in the parching desert die ?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4

Words of eternal life are stor'd,
In the rich gospel of my Lord :
Can I immortal hopes resign
In pleasure's gulf, at mammon's shrine ?

5

Forbid it, Author of my frame, .
Great God, from whom my spirit came !
Thy Son can endless life bestow ;
To whom but Jesus should I go ?

301. s. m.

The watchful Christian.

1

YE servants of the Lord !
Each in his office wait ;
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2

Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command ;
And while we speak, he's near :
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

3

O happy servant he
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

302. c. m.

Zeal and Vigour in the Christian Race.

1

AWAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on ;

PERSONAL DUTIES.

A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3

'Tis God's all-animating voice,
Which calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye :

4

That prize, with matchless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems,
Shall blend in common dust.

5

May I, with sacred ardour fir'd,
The glorious prize pursue ;
Nor fear to meet the high command,
To bid this world adieu.

303. C. M.

Love to the Creature dangerous.

1

How vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2

The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light :
We often find some danger nigh,
When we possess delight.

3

Our friends with whom, in mutual love,
The path of life we've trod,
May steal our hearts from things above,
And turn us back from God.

4

How oft hath sad experience prov'd,
When goods of earth and sense
Have once our warm affections mov'd,
'Tis hard to call them thence.

5

O Father ! let thy glories be
My soul's eternal food ;
And be thy favour more to me
Than all created good.

304. P. M.

The Devotement of the Heart to Duty.—Gen. xii. 1.

1

ABRAHAM heard : believing God,
Duty's onward path he trod ;
Trusting him whose word could bless,
Won the meed of faithfulness.

2

Christian pilgrim, Zion-ward,
True disciple of thy Lord !
May his spirit to thy heart
Kindred faithfulness impart.

PERSONAL DUTIES.

3

Thou may'st hear a voice within ;
Let that voice attention win :
Doubt not, fear not, trust its word ;
Follow on to know the Lord.

4

At his bidding, sacrifice
More than country's, kindred's, ties :
These may still be spar'd to thee ;
Let thy heart thy Master's be.

5

Daily, hourly, labour there ;
Waiting, watching unto prayer :
Wait to know thy Master's will ;
Watch and pray, and do it still.

6

Faithful to the end endure ;
Then thy calling shall be sure ;
Then, whene'er thy Lord shall come,
Death shall only lead thee home.

305. C. M.

The Steward preparing to give his Account.

1

THE time draws nigh when thou, my soul !
Thy last account must give :
When thy whole life shall be survey'd
By him who bade thee live.

2

How many talents, O my God,
Hast thou bestow'd on me !
But yet how few can there be found,
Devoted, Lord, to thee !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3

My health, my time, my worldly store,
And thy more precious word,
Thy talents are ; for these I must
Account to thee, my Lord.

4

Oh may the slothful servant's doom
My holy care excite ;
Each talent may I well improve
And in thy work delight.

306. C. M.

Mistaken Notions of Repentance rectified.

1

TEACH us, O Thou to whom we owe
The hope of pardon'd guilt !
What that repentance is to know,
On which it must be built.

2

Though now, with bitter sighs and tears,
We may our sins lament,
Yet if no change of life appears,
This is not to repent.

3

We may confess, and yet retain
Affection for our sin ;
Resolve to cast away our chain,
And yet be held therein.

4

Some flagrant faults we may forsake,
When smarting from the rod ;
And yet no thorough converts make,
Nor be brought home to God.

PENITENTIAL SORROW AND REFLECTION.

5

Then we repent, and then alone,
When, turning to the Lord,
We to his will bend all our own,
And every sin's abhorr'd.

307 S. M.

Blessed Effects of true Repentance.

1

OH! blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er:
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2

They mourn for follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3

While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the painful wound;
Till I confess'd my sins to God,
And peace and pardon found.

4

Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in time of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

308. C. M.

Spiritual Light and Deliverance.

1

THE weary traveller, lost in night,
Breathes oft a longing sigh;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

And marks the welcome dawn of light,
With rapture in his eye.

2

Thus sweet the dawn of heavenly day
Lost weary sinners find,
When mercy, with reviving ray,
Beams o'er the fainting mind.

3

To slaves oppress'd with cruel chains,
How kind, how dear the friend,
Whose generous hand relieves their pains,
And bids their sorrows end!

4

Thus kind, thus dear, that Friend divine,
Who rescues captive souls;
Unbinds the galling chains of sin,
And all its power controls.

5

My God! to thy revealed light
My dawn of hope I owe;
Once wandering in the shades of night,
And sunk in hopeless woe.

6

'Twas thy blest hand redeem'd the slave,
And set the prisoner free;
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted, Lord! to thee!

309. P. M.

The Danger of Delay.

1

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;

PENITENTIAL SORROW AND REFLECTION.

Lest, if wisdom thou despise,
She may never more be won.

2

Hasten, mercy to implore !
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's course is run.

3

Hasten, sinner, to return !
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4

Hasten, sinner, to be blest !
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

310. L. M.

The One Thing Needful.

1

WHY should we waste, on trifling cares,
The lives divine compassion spares ;
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?

2

Shall God invite us from above,
Shall Jesus urge his dying love,
Shall troubled conscience give us pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain ?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3

Not so our eyes will always view
The objects, which we now pursue ;
Not so eternity appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4

Almighty God ! thine aid impart
To fix conviction on the heart ;
Thy power can clear the darkest eyes,
And make the haughtiest scorner wise.

311. C. M.

Desire of Improvement in the Christian Character.

1

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord !
Yet still how low my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !

2

Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain ;
What faint impressions of thy grace
My languid powers retain !

3

How cold and feeble is my love,
How negligent my fear ;
How weak my hope of joys above,
How few affections there !

4

Thy gracious aid, O God, impart,
To give thy word success ;
Write all its precepts on my heart,
And deep its truths impress.

PENITENTIAL SORROW AND REFLECTION.

5

Oh speed my progress in the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

312. C. M.

Inconstancy in Religion lamented.

1

PERPETUAL Source of light and love !
We hail thy sacred name :
Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.

2

On us, unworthy as we are,
Unceasing gifts it pours ;
Sure as the heaven's established course,
And plenteous as the showers.

3

Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew ;
Fleeting, too oft, as morning clouds,
And transient as the dew.

4

With contrite hearts, our guilt we mourn,
And now thy grace implore,
To guide our often erring steps,
That we may stray no more.

5

Arm'd with thine energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move ;
And with determin'd zeal press on,
To gain thy courts above.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

6

So, by thy power, the morning sun,
Pursues his radiant way ;
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

313. L. M.

Contrition for Doubts of Divine Goodness.

1

WHEN darkness long hath veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears ;
Then, O my Father, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2

Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

3

Oh ! let me, then, at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn,
That ' God is love,' and changeth not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4

Bless'd truth, and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5

But, O my God, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.

PENITENTIAL SORROW AND REFLECTION.

6

Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine :
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive ;
Be self-humiliation mine.

314. C. M.

Absence from God.

1

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye !

2

See ! low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said, ' Return' ?

3

Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light !
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !

4

Oh shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy healing voice impart
A sense of joys divine.

5

Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy ;
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy !

315. P. M.

A Penitential Hymn.

1

GOD of mercy ! God of love !
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
Listen to thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all grace belongs !

2

Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time mispent ;
Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent ;

3

Foolish fears, and fond desires ;
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain ;—

4

These, and every secret fault,
Fill'd with grief and shame, we own ;
Humbled at thy feet we bow,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5

God of mercy ! God of love !
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
Oh restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all grace belongs !

316. S. M.

Hope of forgiving Mercy.

1

WHEN sinking in despair,
To thee, O God, I cry ;
In mercy hear my humble prayer,
Attend my plaintive sigh.

2

Wert thou a judge severe,
Who could the trial stand,
Or who the awful stroke could bear
Of thy avenging hand ?

3

But mercy dwells with thee ;
Hope dawns amidst my fears ;
Divine forgiveness, large and free,
Shall stop my flowing tears.

4

On thee my soul shall wait,
Thy sacred word my stay ;
Thy sacred word can light create,
And turn my night to day.

5

Upon a faithful Lord,
Let fainting souls recline ;
For power and mercy, in his word,
With boundless glory shine.

6

Though great their sins appear,
And fill their hearts with pain,
His pardoning love dispels their fear,
And cleanses every stain.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

317. L. M.

Contrite Supplication for better Obedience.

1

HEAR me, O Lord, in mercy hear,
While, contrite, I my sins deplore !
Assuage my anguish, calm my fear,
And give me grace to sin no more.

2

Thine eye too oft hath seen me stray
From thy commands, in mercy given :
Teach me to keep the peaceful way,
Which leads to holiness and heaven.

3

More of thy presence, Lord, impart ;
More of thine image let me bear :
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

318. C. M.

Penitent Supplication.

1

THOU, Lord, in mercy wilt regard
The upright and sincere :
Thou wilt, with gracious eye, behold
The penitential tear.

2

Thou canst restrain wild passion's sway,
The power of sin control ;
And grant a cheering ray from heaven,
To purify the soul.

PENITENTIAL SORROW AND REFLECTION.

3

O God! from error turn my feet,
That I no more may stray;
And guide my steps, direct and safe,
In virtue's peaceful way.

4

Let me no more, with wilful mind,
Thy righteous laws offend;
Then shall I know nor guilt nor fear,
If thou be still my friend.

319. L. M.

Penitential Supplication.—Ps. li.

1

SHOW mercy, Lord!—O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting sinner live!
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not the contrite trust in thee?

2

With shame my numerous sins I trace,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
And though thy judgments be severe,
My doom is just, and thou art clear.

3

Yet save a penitent, O Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Seeks for some precious promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

4

A broken heart, my God! my King!
Is all the offering I can bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

5

Oh wash my soul from every stain,
Nor let the guilt I mourn remain ;
Give me to hear thy pardoning voice,
And bid my trembling heart rejoice !

320. C. M.

Supplication of Divine Mercy.

1

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh how shall I appear !

2

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought ;

3

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh how shall I appear !

4

But there's forgiveness, Lord, with thee ;
Thy nature is benign ;
Thy pardoning mercy I implore,
For mercy, Lord, is thine.

5

Oh let thy boundless mercy shine
On my benighted soul ;
Correct my passions, mend my heart,
And all my fears control !

PENITENTIAL SORROW AND REFLECTION.

6

And may I taste thy richer grace
In that decisive hour,
When Christ to judgment shall descend,
And time shall be no more.

321. C. M.

Hope and Supplication after Despair.

1

RISE, O my soul, the hours review,
When, awed by guilt and fear,
Thou durst not heaven for mercy sue,
Nor hope for pity here.

2

Dried are thy tears ; thy griefs are fled ;
Dispell'd each bitter care :
See ! heaven itself hath lent its aid
To raise thee from despair.

3

Here then, O God, thy work fulfil !
And from thy mercy's throne,
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will,
And to resist my own.

4

So shall my soul each power employ,
Thy mercies to adore :
While heaven itself proclaims with joy
One pardon'd sinner more.

322. C. M.

The Barren Fig-tree.—Luke xiii. 3—9.

1

SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord,
A barren fig-tree stand !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

It yields no fruit, no blossom bears,
Though planted by his hand.

2

From year to year he seeks for fruit,
And still no fruit is found :
It stands among the living trees,
Encumbering the ground.

3

But, lo ! the gracious Saviour pleads—
‘ The barren fig-tree spare :
In mercy stay the threatening hand,
And grant another year.

4

‘ Perhaps some means of grace, untried,
May reach the stony heart ;
Or the soft dews of heavenly love
May heavenly life impart.

5

‘ But if all means should prove in vain,
And still no fruit appear,
Then mercy may no longer plead,
Nor ask another year.’

323. C. M.

*Penitential Review of past Instability and of
God's Mercy.*

1

OFt, Gracious Father, have I been,
Just like a burning brand,
Snatch'd from the fierce surrounding flame
By thine indulgent hand.

PENITENTIAL SORROW AND REFLECTION.

2

But have I learn'd thy name to fear,
Thy mercy to improve?
Have I been drawn to keep thy laws,
By all these cords of love?

3

Or when, as in this hour, I've mourn'd
My sins, and pardon pray'd,
Have I not soon forgot my vows,
And from my duty stray'd?

4

Too deeply conscious, though again
My suppliant eyes I raise,
Shouldst thou refuse the help I ask,
I justify thy ways.

5

But, O thou God of perfect grace,
Here all my comfort lies—
The truly broken, contrite heart,
Thou never wilt despise.

6

And, while in this eternal truth
My only hope I find,
Let the blest hope I wish to form
To faithful duty bind.

324. C. M.

The Past not improved.

1

As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepar'd to die,

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2

The world and worldly things belov'd,
My anxious thoughts employ'd ;
And time unhallow'd, unimprov'd,
Presents a fearful void.

3

Yet, Heavenly Father, wild despair
Chase from my labouring breast :
Thy grace it is that prompts the prayer ;
Thy grace can do the rest.

4

My life's brief remnant all be thine ;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
Oh take my soul to thee !

325. C. M.

The Lapse of Time : for an Anniversary.

1

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year !
How soon the weeks complete their rounds,
How short the months appear !

2

Much of my dubious life is past,
Nor will return again :
How swift the fleeting moments haste,
How few may now remain !

3

Rise then, my soul, with studious care,
Thy true condition learn ;
What grounds of hope for thee there are,
And what's thy first concern.

PENITENTIAL SORROW AND REFLECTION.

4

Great God ! awake this trifling heart,
My real state to see ;
That I may choose the better part,
And yield myself to thee.

5

Then shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise ;
Or this secure thee, O my soul,
The joy that never dies.

326. C. M.

Reflections on the Circumstances of the past Year.

1

MARK how the swift-wing'd minutes fly,
And hours still hasten on !
How swift the circling months run round !
How soon the year is gone !

2

Let me indulge the serious thought ;
The year that's past review ;
What good, what evil, have I done ?
What work have I to do ?

3

How is my debt of love increas'd
To that sustaining Power,
Who hath upheld my feeble frame,
And brought me to this hour.

4

For all thy favours, O my God,
Thy goodness I adore :
Thou hast my cup with blessings fill'd,
And made that cup run o'er.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

5

For thy great mercy's sake, forgive
The guilt that marks the year ;
And may I more than ever strive
To keep my conscience clear.

6

What shall befall in future life
I would not, Lord ! inquire :
To be prepar'd for all thy will—
Be this my chief desire !

327. C. M.

Divine Aid implored.

1

THINE influence, mighty God, is felt
Through nature's ample round ;
In heaven, on earth, through air and skies,
Thy energy is found.

2

Thy sacred influence, Lord, we need
To form our hearts anew ;
Oh cleanse our souls from every sin,
And thy salvation shew !

3

Father of light ! thine aid impart,
To guide our doubtful way ;
Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,
And make a glorious day.

4

Supported by thy heavenly grace,
We'll do and bear thy will ;
That grace shall make each burden light,
And every murmur still.

SUPPLICATION FOR DIVINE AID.

5

Cheer'd by thy smiles, we'll fearless tread
The gloomy path of death ;
And with the hopes of endless bliss
To thee resign our breath.

328. C. M.

Desire of spiritual Instruction.

1

THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord !
How good thy works appear !
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

2

My heart was fashion'd by thy hand ;
My service is thy due ;
Oh make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

3

Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not my path be hid ;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

4

If God to me his statutes shew,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

329. L. M.

For entire Subjection to the Will of God.

1

O THOU who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand !
These wayward erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

2

Our wishes, our desires, control ;
Mould every purpose of the soul ;
O'er all may we victorious be,
That stands between ourselves and thee.

3

Twice blest will all thy blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee ;
When each glad heart its tribute pays,
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4

Still make us, when temptation's near,
As our worst foe ourselves to fear :
And, each vain-glorious thought to quell,
Teach us how Peter vow'd and fell.

5

Yet may we, feeble, weak, and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail ;
Thy word, our safety from alarm ;
Our strength, thine everlasting arm.

6

And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the joyful summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

SUPPLICATION FOR DIVINE AID.

330. L. M.

Preservation from Sin implored.

1

AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat—

2

Shed down, O Lord, a heavenly ray
To guide me in the doubtful way ;
And o'er me hold thy shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.

3

Teach me the flattering paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run ;
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

4

Each noble principle impart,
The faith which sanctifies the heart,
Hope that to heaven's high vault aspires,
And love that warms with holy fires.

5

Whate'er is honest, pure, refin'd,
Just, generous, amiable, and kind,
That may my constant zeal pursue,
That may I love and practise too.

6

May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside ;
Nor tempt me from the narrow road,
Which leads to happiness and God.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

331. P. M.

Supplication for Aid in the Duties of Life.

1

GOD, my strength, to thee I pray !
Turn not thou thine ear away ;
Gracious to my cry attend,
While the suppliant knee I bend.

2

Grant me, Lord, thy grace and light,
To direct my steps aright ;
To protect, in trial's hour,
From the world's ensnaring power.

3

Cleanse me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise ;
Let me thence, by thee renew'd,
All presumptuous sin exclude.

4

Let my tongue, from rashness free,
Speak the words approv'd by thee ;
And to thine all-searching eyes,
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

5

Hear, and to my soul display,
Mercy's all-enlivening ray :
Let it lead, in faith and love,
Onward to a home above.

332. L. M.

Steadfastness and Watchfulness implored.

1

GREAT God ! my Father, and my Friend !
On whom I cast my constant care,

SUPPLICATION FOR DIVINE AID.

On whom for all things I depend !
To thee I raise my humble prayer.

2

Endue me with a holy fear ;
The frailty of my heart reveal ;
Sin and its snares are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.

3

Oh that to thee my constant mind
May with a steady flame aspire ;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And check the rise of wrong desire !

4

Oh that my watchful soul may fly
The first perceiv'd approach of sin ;
Look up to thee when danger's nigh,
And feel thy fear control within !

5

Search, gracious God, my inmost heart ;
From guilt and error set me free ;
Thy light, and truth, and peace impart,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

333. S. M.

Steadfastness and Watchfulness implored.

1

O GOD ! my strength ! my hope
On thee I cast my care ;
With humble confidence look up
To thee who hearest prayer :

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Grant me on thee to wait,
The work assign'd fulfil ;
Oh may it all my powers engage
To do my Father's will !

2

Grant me a sober mind,
A quick discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all temptation fly ;
A spirit still prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

3

Thy will may I pursue,
To thee in all things rise ;
And all I think, and say, and do,
Be one great sacrifice :
Fill me with godly fear,
As in thy sight to live ;
And oh ! thy servant, Lord ! prepare
A strict account to give.

334. L. M.

For Self-Knowledge and Preservation from Sin.

1

OH hear me, Lord !—on thee I call,
And prostrate at thy footstool fall :
To thee my inmost thoughts are known ;
I seek acceptance at thy throne.

SUPPLICATION FOR DIVINE AID.

2

Let me, as in thy presence, view
'The aims and conduct I pursue ;
Teach me each lurking sin to find,
Nor leave one stain of guilt behind.

3

Give me a will to thine subdued,
A conscience pure, a soul renew'd ;
Nor let me, lost in hopeless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence roam.

4

Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord !
From every rash and sinful word :
Nor let my feet incline to tread,
The guilty paths where sinners lead.

5

Chase from my heart each baneful foe ;
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow :
Lord ! guide me through my devious way,
To realms of pure and perfect day.

335. L. M.

Desire of Instruction.

1

TEACH me, oh teach me, Lord ! thy way ;
That, to my life's remotest day,
By thine unerring precepts led,
My feet thy heavenly paths may tread.

2

Inform'd by thee, with sacred awe
My heart shall meditate thy law ;
And with celestial wisdom fill'd,
To thee a pure obedience yield.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3

Give me to know thy will aright ;
Thy will, my glory and delight ;
That, rais'd above the world, my mind
In thee its highest good may find.

4

Oh turn from vanity mine eye ;
To me thy quickening strength supply ;
And with thy promis'd mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

336. L. M.

Diligence in the Christian Race.

1

GOD of the morning ! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And rob'd in splendour doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies !

2

Oh ! like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day ;
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3

But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in the world's wide maze,
To follow every wandering star.

4

Lord ! thy commands are right and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;

SUPPLICATION FOR DIVINE AID.

Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

5

Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss ;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

337. L. M.

The Wise Choice.

1

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand ;
Father divine ! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2

Direct this frail and wavering heart,
Wisely to choose the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.

3

Then, let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4

If thou, O Father, still art nigh,
Cheerful I'll live and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee,

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

338. C. M.

Desire after Holiness.

1

Oh that the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still !
Oh that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will !

2

In deepest characters impress
Thy law upon my heart ;
Nor let my tongue the truth transgress
Nor act the slanderer's part.

3

From vanity turn off mine eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire, arise
Within this heart of mine.

4

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord !
And keep my conscience clear.

5

Assist my heart, too apt to stray,
A stricter watch to keep ;
And since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

6

Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road !
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

SUPPLICATION FOR DIVINE AID.

339. C. M.

Aspirations after the Christian Temper.

1

ALMIGHTY Maker, Lord of all !
Of life the only spring !
Creator of unnumber'd worlds !
Supreme, eternal King !

2

Oh guide me through the various paths,
Which snares and dangers hide :
And banish from my inmost heart,
All selfishness and pride.

3

With generous pleasure let me view
My neighbour rich and great ;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.

4

Let not despair, nor fell revenge,
Be to my bosom known ;
Oh ! give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own.

5

Feed me with necessary food ;
I ask not wealth or fame :
Give me an eye to see thy will,
A heart to bless thy name.

6

May all my days serenely pass,
Without corroding care ;
And growing holiness my soul
For life's last hour prepare.

340. L. M.

Wisdom and Virtue sought from God.

1

SUPREME and universal Light !
Fountain of reason ! Judge of right !
Parent of good, whose blessings flow
On all above and all below !

2

Assist me, Lord, to act, to be,
What thine all-holy laws decree ;
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

3

My moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-pois'd and independent still,
On this world's varying good or ill.

4

No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
Oh may my steadfast bosom bear
The stamp of heaven, an honest heart,
Above the mean disguise of art !

5

May my expanded soul disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim :
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to my race.

6

O Father ! faith and virtue grant ;
No more I wish, no more I want :
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

SUPPLICATION FOR DIVINE AID.

341. S. M.

Virtuous Desires.

1

GOD, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct;
And to the paths of righteousness
Their wandering steps conduct.

2

The humble soul he guides,
Teaches the meek his way;
Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who his just laws obey.

3

Give me the tender heart,
That mixes fear with love;
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.

4

Oh! ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

342. C. M.

Supplication for Spiritual Blessings.

1

THY searching eye, O Lord, surveys
The secrets of the heart:
Lead me to thee my heart to raise,
And seek the better part.

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than death to shun,
That, more than life pursue.

3

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find the better way!

4

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

5

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At ought thy wisdom hath denied,
Or ought thy goodness lent.

6

This day be bread and peace my lot;
Yet all beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

343. P. M.

Spiritual Aid implored.

1

O SOURCE of uncreated light,
By whom the world was call'd from night!
Come, visit every pious mind;
And pour thy joys on human kind:

SUPPLICATION FOR DIVINE AID.

From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

2

Chase from our breasts each noxious foe,
And peace the fruit of love bestow :
Our frailties help, our will control ;
Submit the senses to the soul :
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

344. C. M.

Imploring Divine Guidance.

1

FATHER of light ! conduct my feet
Through life's uncertain road :
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

2

Let sacred prudence be my guide ;
And when I go astray,
Recal my feet from folly's path
To wisdom's better way.

3

Teach me in every various scene
To keep the end in sight ;
And while I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.

4

That heavenly wisdom from above,
Abundantly impart ;
And let it guard and guide, refine
And animate my heart ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

5

Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love !
And all my darkness be dispers'd
In endless light above.

345. P. M.

Divine Light implored.

1

O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides !
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides !
On darkling man, in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.

2

'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest ;
From thee, Great God, we spring, to thee we tend ;
Path, motive, guide, original, and end !

346. L. M.

For Guardianship and Guidance.

1

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light !
Search, prove my heart ; it pants for thee ;
Oh burst these bonds, and set it free !

2

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way ;
No foes, no terrors, shall I fear,
Nor fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

SUPPLICATION FOR DIVINE AID.

3

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Do thou thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4

My God ! whene'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd, I follow thee !
Oh let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill !

5

If rough and thorny be the way
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

347. L. M.

Morning Hymn

1

Awake, my soul ! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and cheerful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2

Thy precious time mispent, redeem ;
Each present day, thy last esteem :
Improve thy talents with due care,
And for the judgment-day prepare.

3

In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience, as the noon-tide, clear :
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4

Lord ! I my vows to thee renew :
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

348. L. M.

Evening Hymn.

1

GLORY to thee, my God ! this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings !
Beneath thine own almighty wings !

2

Forgive me, Lord ! through thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphant rise at the last day.

4

Oh may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close !
Sleep that shall me more active make
To serve my God when I awake.

DEVOTION IN GENERAL

349. L. M.

1

Morning Hymn.

1

IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade,
Again I view the morning light.

2

New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her powers,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

3

Oh guide me through the various maze,
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
Where dangers press around my head.

4

A deeper shade shall soon impend ;
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress :
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5

That deeper shade shall break away ;
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes :
Thy light shall give eternal day ;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

350. L. M.

Evening Hymn.

1

THUS far the Lord hath led me on ;
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2

Much of my time hath run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3

I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow of my head ;
Thy watchful eye, O Lord, will keep
Its constant guard around my bed.

4

Faith in thy name forbids my fear :
Oh may thy presence ne'er depart !
And in the morning may I bear
Thy loving-kindness on my heart !

351. L. M.

Midnight Hymn.

1

WHERE'ER I am, whate'er I see,
Eternal Lord ! is full of thee :
I feel thee in the gloom of night,
I view thee in the morning light.

2

When care distracts my anxious soul,
Thy grace can every thought control ;
Thy word can still the troubled heart,
And peace and confidence impart.

DEVOTION IN GENERAL.

3

If pain invade my broken rest,
Or if corroding griefs molest,
Soon as thy comfort, Lord, appears,
My sighs are hush'd and dried my tears.

4

Thy wisdom guides, thy will directs,
Thine arm upholds, thy power protects;
With thee, when I at dawn converse,
The shadows sink, the clouds disperse.

5

Then, as the sun illumines the skies,
O Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Dispel the gloom of mental night,
Being of beings! Light of light!

352. c. m.

Morning Hymn.

1

To thee let my first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates my day;
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2

This day thy favouring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsaf'd before:
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore!

3

If bliss thy Providence impart,
For which resign'd I pray,
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
And cheerful pass the day.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4

Affliction should thy love intend,
As sin's or folly's cure ;
Patient, to gain that blessed end,
May I the means endure !

5

Be this, and every future day,
Still wiser than the past ;
That, from the whole of life's survey,
I may find peace at last.

353. C. M.

Evening Hymn.—Ps. iv.

1

LORD ! thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
I am for ever thine :
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2

And while I rest my weary head
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3

I pay this evening sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,
Great God ! my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4

Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

DEVOTION IN GENERAL.

354. L. M.

The Daily Goodness of God.

1

My God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

2

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours !
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3

I yield my powers to thy command :
To thee I consecrate my days :
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

355. P. M.

Evening Hymn.

1

INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head !
Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,
Tir'd with glaring vanities !

2

My great Master still allows
Needful periods of repose :
By my heavenly Father blest,
Thus I give my powers to rest.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3

Heavenly Father ! gracious name !
Night and day thy love the same !
Far be each suspicious thought,
Every anxious care forgot !

4

Thou, mine ever bounteous God !
Crown'st my days with various good :
Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,
These defenceless hours shall keep.

5

What if death my sleep invade ?
Should I be of death afraid ?
While encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

6

With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest :
Welcome sleep or death to me ;
Still secure, for still with thee.

356. P. M.

For Domestic Worship.

1

PEACE be to this habitation !
Peace to all that dwell therein !
Peace, the earnest of salvation ;
Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin ;
Peace that speaks the heavenly Giver ;
Peace to worldly minds unknown ;
Peace divine that lasts for ever ;
Peace that comes from God alone.

DEVOTION IN GENERAL.

2

God of Peace! be present with us ;
Fix in all our hearts thy home ;
With thy gracious presence cheer us ;
Let thy sacred kingdom come :
Raise to heaven our expectation ;
Give our favour'd souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

357. C. M.

The Blessing of God sought on the Labours of Life.

1

SHINE on our souls, eternal God !
With rays of favour shine :
Oh let thy mercy crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

2

Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3

With thee let every week begin ;
With thee each day be spent ;
For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
Since each by thee is lent.

4

Thus cheer us through this toilsome road,
Till all our labours cease :
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

358. P. M.

Close of the Week.

1

SAFELY, through another week,
God hath brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On the approaching sabbath-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2

Mercies, multiplied each hour,
Gracious Lord! our praise demand:
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Nourish'd by thy bounteous hand,
Now from worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with thee.

3

When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear;
And may every sabbath prove
Foretaste of the joys above.

359. L. M.

For the Lord's-day Morning.—Ps. xcii.

1

SWEET is the work, my God, my King!
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

DEVOTION IN GENERAL.

2

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
When earthly cares forsake the breast :
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

3

Then shall I share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart ;
When doubts and fears no more remain,
To break my inward peace again.

4

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In the eternal world of joy.

360. C. M.

Habitual Devotion.

1

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power !
Be my vain wishes still'd ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2

Thy love the powers of thought bestow ;
To thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd ;
That mercy I adore.

3

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see ;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5

When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lour,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6

My lifted eye without a tear
The louring storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear :—
That heart shall rest on thee.

361. L. M.

The Divine Blessing implored.

1

ETERNAL Source of life and thought !
Be all beneath thyself forgot,
Whilst thee, great Parent-Mind ! we own
In prostrate homage round thy throne.

2

Oh may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace ;
And through each path of duty move,
With filial care and filial love.

DEVOTION IN GENERAL.

362. L. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

1

FATHER of all, ador'd above !
Thy glorious name be hallow'd still :
Thy kingdom come with power and love ;
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2

Lord ! make our daily wants thy care :
Forgive our sins, which taint the mind ;
May we such mercy ever share,
As we to mercy are inclin'd.

3

Evils beset us every hour ;
Thy kind protection we implore :
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power ;
Be thine the glory evermore.

363. C. M.

God acknowledged in all things.—Prov. iii. 5, 6.

1

LORD ! through the dubious path of life,
Thy feeble servant guide ;
Supported by thy powerful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.

2

To thee, O my unerring Guide,
I would myself resign :
In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will by thine.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3

Thus shall each blessing of thy hand
Be doubly sweet to me ;
And in new griefs I still shall have
A refuge, Lord, in thee.

364. L. M.

Desires after Submission to the Divine Will.

1

PARENT of nature ! Power divine !
Whatever lives and moves is thine :
Angels from thee their being drew,
And man can boast thine offspring too.

2

The bright resplendent orbs above,
That round the earth incessant move,
The orders of thy voice obey,
And roll where thou point'st out the way.

3

May I, through life's perplexing road,
Pursue the path mark'd out by God :
With cheerful resignation go
That path, though rough and thorny too.

4

If sickness, poverty, and pains,
Be here my lot—'tis God ordains :
Be still, my soul ; and grace prevent
All impious, fruitless discontent !

5

Though sorrows should on sorrows fall,
Yet would I see thine hand in all ;
And though frail nature sometimes groan,
A Father's hand I still would own.

DEVOTION IN GENERAL.

6

From virtue's paths ne'er let me stray,
To tread the broad, though flowery way;
But still pursue that narrow road,
Which leads to happiness and God.

365. C. M.

The Ways of the Righteous known to God.

1

To thee, O God, my days are known :
How solemn, Lord, the thought !
My actions all before thee lie,
Nor are my wants forgot.

2

Each secret wish devotion breathes,
Is vocal to thine ear ;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

3

The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve ;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.

4

Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays ;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

5

Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die ;
And, when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

366. C. M.

Rejoicing in God.

1

HEATHENS to senseless idols haste ;
They worship wood and stone ;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

2

His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup ;
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

3

God is my portion and my joy ;
His counsels are my light ;
He gives me kind advice by day,
And guards my head by night.

4

My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye ;
Nor death nor sin my hope shall move,
While such a Friend is nigh.

367. P. M.

'God is Love'.—1 John iv. 16.

1

GOD is love : his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

DEVOTION IN GENERAL.

2

Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays and ages move ;
But his mercy waneth never :
God is wisdom, God is love.

3

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove ;
From the gloom his brightness streameth :
God is wisdom, God is love.

4

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Every where his glory shineth :
God is wisdom, God is love.

368. L. M.

The Loving-Kindness of our God.

1

FATHER! to thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below :
And when to heaven our thoughts we raise,
Thy love demands our highest praise.

2

Thy promise, truth eternal guides ;
And mercy o'er each act presides ;
Thy grace the fainting spirit cheers,
And checks our griefs and calms our fears.

3

Patient with headstrong guilt to bear ;
Slow to avenge, and kind to spare :
Listening to prayer, and reconcil'd
Full quickly to thine erring child.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4

In woe's dark hour our kindest stay !
Sole trust when life shall pass away !
Giver of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb !

5

Thee will we bless, O God our King,
Nor cease thy gracious ways to sing :
Grant us to hymn thy boundless love
In realms of perfect bliss above.

369. L. M.

The constant Offering of Praise.—Ps. cxliv.

1

MY God ! my King ! thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days :
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2

The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream ;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

DEVOTION IN GENERAL.

4

Let every age and nation raise
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The blest employment of their tongue.

5

But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways !
Vast and immortal be thy praise !

370. S. M.

Seeking God.

1

My God, permit my tongue
This joy to call thee mine ;
And let my earnest cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.

2

For life without thy love
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord !

3

Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies ;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

4

The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps :
I'll follow where my Father leads,
And he'll support my steps.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

371. L. M.

Humble Praise.

1

MY God ! whene'er my longing heart
The grateful tribute would impart,
In vain my tongue, with feeble aim,
Attempts the glories of thy name.

2

In vain my boldest thoughts arise ;
I sink to earth and lose the skies :
Yet I may still thy grace implore,
And, low in dust, thy name adore.

3

With humble fear let love unite,
And mix devotion with delight ;
Then shall thy name be all my joy,
Thy praise my constant, blest employ.

4

Oh let thy grace guide every song,
And fill my heart and tune my tongue !
Then shall the strain harmonious flow,
And heaven's sweet work begin below.

372. L. M.

Desiring to praise God.

1

ALMIGHTY Author of my frame !
To thee my vital powers belong :
Thy praise—delightful, glorious theme !
Demands my heart, my life, my tongue.

GRATITUDE AND CONFIDING HOPE.

2

My heart, my life, my tongue, are thine ;
Oh be thy praise my blest employ !
Yea, may my song with angels' join ;
Nor sacred awe forbid the joy.

3

Thy glories the seraphic lyre,
On all its strings, attempts in vain ;
Then, how shall mortals dare aspire
In thought, to try the unequal strain ?

4

Yet the great Sovereign of the skies
To mortals bends a gracious ear ;
Nor the mean tribute will despise,
When offer'd by a heart sincere.

5

Great God ! accept the humble praise,
And guide my heart, and guide my tongue,
While to thy name I trembling raise
The grateful, though unworthy song.

373. S. M.

Obligations to Gratitude and Praise.

1

My Maker and my King !
To thee my all I owe :
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2

Thou ever good and kind !
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3

The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live :
My God! thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

4

Oh let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

374. C. M.

Praise to God in Life and Death.

1.

My soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days ;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2

In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ ;
Devotion heightens all my bliss,
And sanctifies my joy.

3

When gloomy care, or keen distress,
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And soothe my pains to rest.

4

Nor shall my lips alone proclaim
The honours of my God ;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

GRATITUDE AND CONFIDING HOPE.

5

When death is past, in endless strains
My grateful praise I'll pay ;
The theme demands a nobler song,
And an eternal day.

375. C. M.

The unceasing Goodness of our Heavenly Father.

1

JEHOVAH God ! thy gracious power
On every side we see ;
Oh may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee !

2

If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.

3

Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4

From morn to noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see ;
And all the blessings we receive,
Unceasing come from thee.

5

In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend ;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father, and our Friend !

376. C. M.

Divine Support to Human Weakness.

1

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2

Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3

Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4

But 'tis our God supports our frame,
Who rais'd us from the dust;
Hosanna to his mighty name!
In him is all our trust.

5

While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

377. C. M.

Fleeting Life the Object of Divine Goodness.

1

TIME—what an empty vapour 'tis!
Our days—how swift they are!

GRATITUDE AND CONFIDING HOPE.

Swift as a rapid arrow flies,
Or as a shooting star.

2

Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh ;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

3

Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share ;
Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.

4

Thy goodness runs an endless round :
All glory to the Lord !
Thy mercy never knows a bound,
And be thy name ador'd.

5

Thus we begin the eternal song ;
And when in dust we lie,
Let age to age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature die.

378. L. M.

The innumerable Mercies of God acknowledged.

1

IN glad amazement, Lord, I stand,
Amidst the bounties of thy hand :
How numberless those bounties are !
How rich, how various, and how fair !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2

But oh what poor returns I make !
What feeble thanks I pay thee back !
Lord ! I confess with humble shame,
My offerings scarce deserve the name.

3

Fain would my labouring heart devise
To bring some nobler sacrifice :
It sinks beneath the mighty load :
What shall I render to my God ?

4

To him I consecrate my praise,
To him the remnant of my days ;
Yet what at best can I pretend,
Worthy such gifts from such a Friend ?

5

In deep abasement, Lord, I see
My ignorance and poverty :
Enrich my soul with grace divine,
And make it worthier to be thine.

379. L. M.

Praising God through the Whole of our Existence.

1

GOD of my life ! through all its days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the silent hours of night.

2

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

GRATITUDE AND CONFIDING HOPE.

3

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4

But oh! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies.

5

The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

380. P. M.

*Grateful Acknowledgement of God's constant
Goodness.*

1

GREAT Source of unexhausted good,
Who giv'st us health, and friends, and food,
And peace and calm content!
Like fragrant incense, to the skies,
Let songs of grateful praises rise,
For all thy blessings lent.

2

Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy providence attends our way,
To guard us and to guide;
Thy grace directs our wandering will,
And warns us lest seducing ill
Allure our souls aside.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3

Thy smiles, with a reviving light,
Cheer the long darksome hours of night,
And gild the thickest gloom ;
Thy watchful love, around our bed,
Doth softly like a curtain spread,
And guard the peaceful room.

4

To thee our lives, our all we owe,
Our peace and sweetest joys below,
And brighter hopes above :
Then let our lives, and all that's ours,
Our souls, and all our active powers,
Be sacred to thy love.

5

Thus, gracious Father, thee we praise ;
And while our feeble songs we raise
To bless thee and adore,
Some spark of heavenly fire impart,
And teach each humble, grateful heart,
To bless and love thee more.

381. P. M.

Thanksgiving for Social and Spiritual Blessings.

1

HOMAGE pay to God above—
God whose nature all is love !
In his praise your breath employ—
Gracious Source of every joy !

2

Those who led our early youth
In the paths of love and truth ;
All who with affection's glow
Share our joys and griefs below ;

GRATITUDE AND CONFIDING HOPE.

3

All who e'er our wants redress'd,
Or felt with sympathizing breast ;—
All are blessings from above ;
All are thine, thou God of love !

4

All our hopes of life and heaven,
Through thy grace alone are given ;
Bliss eternal, pure, divine—
Every gift, O God ! is thine.

5

Homage thus to thee we bring,
Of all good exhaustless Spring !
In thy praise our hearts employ,
Gracious Source of every joy !

382. L. M.

Grateful Retrospect of the Changes of Life.

1

UNCHANG'D, O Lord, thro' changing years,
The purpose of thy love appears :
In life's successive plan we trace
A Father's care, a Father's grace.

2

In life's fair morn, how bright the ray
That beams on childhood's flowery way !
The guiltless joy that fills its breast,
In every act and look express'd.

3

And lo ! in fair succession rise
Youth's brilliant hopes and eager joys,
And manhood's toil, and virtue's aim,
And pure affection's genial flame.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4

Nor less the bliss, as strength decays,
In peace, and hope, and silent praise,
And faith, that burns with brighter ray,
As life's vain prospects fade away.

5

Thy love, O God, that crowns our days,
In heaven renew'd, we hope to praise ;
And as its circling ages flow,
Prolong the bliss begun below.

383. C. M.

Gratitude to God for personal mercies.

1

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2

Oh how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows in my enraptur'd heart!
But thou can'st read it there.

3

Unnumber'd comforts, gracious God!
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

4

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
Which tastes those gifts with joy.

GRATITUDE AND CONFIDING HOPE.

5

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise :
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

384. L. M.

Giving Thanks to God always in all Things.

1

GOD of my life! my thanks to thee,
Should, like thy gifts, continual be :
In constant streams thy bounty flows,
Nor end, nor intermission knows.

2

Thy kindness all my comforts gives ;
My numerous wants thy hand relieves ;
Nor can I ever, Lord, be poor,
Who live on thine exhaustless store.

3

If what I wish thy will denies,
I'll own thy dealings good and wise :
Afflictions which may make me mourn,
Thou canst, thou dost, to blessings turn.

4

Deep, Lord, upon my thankful breast,
Let all thy favours be imprest,
That I may never more forget
The sum, or any single debt.

5

Dispose me, each returning day,
For daily gifts my thanks to pay;
And, though thy gifts withdrawn should be,
In all things to give thanks to thee.

385. L. M.

*Grateful Acknowledgement of our constant
Dependence on God.*

1

GREAT Lord of earth, and seas, and skies!
Thy wealth the needy world supplies:
On thee alone the whole depends;
Thy care to every part extends.

2

To thee perpetual thanks we owe,
For all our comforts here below;
Our daily bread thy bounty gives,
And every rising want relieves.

3

To thee we now glad homage bring;
In grateful hymns thy praises sing;
Direct to thee our joyful eyes,
And humbly look for fresh supplies.

4

On thee we'll evermore depend,
The rich, the sure, the faithful Friend!
Our portion let thy wisdom choose,
Nor would our hearts that choice refuse.

5

And should thy measures seem severe,
Thy chastenings may we calmly bear;
Without complaint to thee submit,
The unerring Judge of what is fit.

GRATITUDE AND CONFIDING HOPE.

6

Smile on us, Lord! we'll sing thy praise;
Correct, yet we'll adore thy ways;
We'll our own thoughts and wills resign,
And still approve each choice divine.

386. L. M.

God our Guardian and Helper.

1

GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it, till it close.

2

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God:
By thine incessant bounty fed,
By thine unerring counsel led.

3

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
To thee commit in humble prayer,
And banish every anxious care.

4

In scenes exalted or deprest,
Thou art our joy, our hope, our rest:
Unchang'd, through all our changing days,
Thy love may we adoring praise.

5

When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues;
In better worlds our souls shall boast
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust.

F f

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

387. L. M.

Deliverance celebrated.

1

GREAT Source of life! our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace :
Crown'd with thy mercy we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

2

By thee heaven's shining arch was spread;
By thee were earth's foundations laid :
And all the scenes of men's abode
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

3

Thy quickening hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

4

Our lives are sacred to the Lord,
Kindled by him, by him restor'd :
And while our hours renew their race,
May sin no more these hours disgrace.

5

So when at length by thee we're led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With hope triumphant may we move
Towards scenes of nobler life above !

388. L. M.

Grateful Review of God's Mercies.

1

LORD! since, in my advancing age,
I've acted on life's busy stage,

GRATITUDE AND CONFIDING HOPE.

Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

2

I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count the sands that make the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The numerous wonders of thy grace.

3

These on my heart are still imprest ;
With these I give my eyes to rest ;
And at my waking hours I find
God and his love possess my mind.

389. L. M.

Faith and Hope in the Divine Goodness.

1

LORD ! while my thoughts with wonder trace
Thy favours past through all my days,
My thankful heart adores thy grace ;
I trust that goodness which I praise.

2

Still, from the same eternal spring,
Thy various, constant bounties flow ;
Beneath the shelter of thy wing,
I view serene the shades of woe.

3

E'en death's tremendous vale appears
No more in gloomy terrors drest ;
Thy voice, O God, forbids my fears,
While on thy gracious hand I rest.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4

Through the dark scenes of mortal care,
To humble faith's enraptur'd eye,
The distant prospect opens fair
Of radiant mansions in the sky.

390. C. M.

God our perpetual Preserver and Benefactor.

1

ALMIGHTY Father! gracious Lord!
Kind Guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2

In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thine indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3

When reason with my stature grew,
How weak her brightest ray!
How little of my God I knew!
How apt from thee to stray!

4

Around my path what dangers rose!
What snares spread all the road!
No power could guard me from my foes,
But my Preserver—God.

5

When life hung trembling on a breath,
'Twas thine unceasing love
That sav'd me from impending death,
And bade my fears remove.

GRATITUDE AND CONFIDING HOPE.

6

Lord! when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies!

391. C. M.

Praise to God through all the Changes of Life.

1

FATHER of mercies, God of love!
My Father and my God!
I'll sing the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

2

In every period of my life,
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each circling year.

3

In all these mercies may my soul
A Father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.

4

Teach me in times of deep distress
To own thy hand, my God!
And in submissive silence hear
The lessons of thy rod.

5

In every varying mortal state,
Each bright, each gloomy scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

6

Then will I close mine eyes in death,
Without one anxious fear ;
For death itself is life, my God !
If thou art with me there.

392. P. M.

Praise to God through all the Changes of Life.

1

PRAISE to God—immortal praise—
For the love that crowns our days !
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use :

3

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :

4

All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :

5

These to thee, great God, we owe—
Source whence all our blessings flow !
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

GRATITUDE AND CONFIDING HOPE.

6

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit :

7

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall :

8

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain ;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy :

9

Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

393. P. M.

*The Constant Presence and Providence of God a
Source of Gratitude and Trust.*

1

FATHER divine ! before thy view
All worlds, all creatures lie ;
No distance can elude thy search,
No action 'scape thine eye :
Hear, gracious Lord ! our mingled praises
hear ;
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2

From thee our vital breath we drew ;
Our childhood was thy care ;
And vigorous youth, and feeble age,
Thy kind protection share :
Hear, gracious Lord ! our mingled praises
hear ;
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.

3

Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows ;
Oppress'd with woe, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repose :
Hear, gracious Lord ! our mingled praises
hear ;
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.

4

To thee we look, thou Power supreme !
Oh still our wants supply !
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favour die :
Hear, gracious Lord ! our mingled praises
hear ;
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear.

394. C. M.

Assurance of the Divine Presence.

1

ART thou still with us, gracious Lord !
To dissipate our fear ?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near ?

GRATITUDE AND CONFIDING HOPE. .

2

Doth thy right hand, which form'd the earth,
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise ?

3

On this support my soul shall lean,
And banish every care ;
The gloomy vale of death must smile,
If God be with me there.

395. s. m.

God our Shepherd.

1

THE Lord my Shepherd is ;
I shall be well supplied ;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside ?

2

He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows ;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3

Though from his fold I stray,
He doth my steps restore ;
And guides me in his own right way,
That I may sin no more.

4

While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

Confidence in God's Care and Guidance.

1

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or o'er the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd ;
And streams shall murmur all around.

4

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

GRATITUDE AND CONFIDING HOPE.

397. L. M.

Confidence in the Perfections of God.

1

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid !
Praise to our God, whose sovereign will
All nature's laws and powers fulfil !

2

Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word,
Where faith contemplates his decrees,
And every gracious promise sees.

3

Whence then should doubts and fears arise ?
Why tearful sorrows cloud our eyes ?
Slowly, alas ! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

4

Oh for a strong and lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith ;
To embrace the message of his Son,
And make the joys of heaven our own !

5

Then, should the earth's vast pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steadfast souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

6

Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the perishable skies ;
The word of promise standeth sure,
And will eternally endure.

"It is I, be not afraid."—Matt. xiv. 27.

1

WHEN power divine, in mortal form,
Hush'd, with a word, the raging storm ;
In soothing accents, Jesus said,
'Lo it is I! be not afraid.'

2

So, when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove—
'Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.'

3

Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven,
To every heart in sunder riven—
When love and joy and hope are fled—
'Lo it is I! be not afraid.'

4

When men with fiend-like passions rage,
And foes yet fiercer foes engage ;
Blest be the voice, though still and small,
That whispers—'God is over all.'

5

He calms the tumult and the storm ;
He rules the seraph and the worm ;
No creature is by him forgot,
Or those who know, or know him not.

6

And when the last dread hour shall come ;
While shuddering nature waits her doom ;
This voice shall call the pious dead ;
'Lo it is I! be not afraid.'

GRATITUDE AND CONFIDING HOPE.

399. P. M.

*Confidence in God's Protection in the Dangers
of Duty—Ps. cxxi.*

1

UPWARD I lift mine eyes ;
From God is all my aid—
The God that built the skies,
And earth's foundation laid :
God is the tower
To which I fly ;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2

No real ill befalls
The objects of his care ;
And God, where'er he calls,
Protects in every snare :
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep
His servants keep
When dangers rise.

3

In toils by night or day,
In pestilential air,
If duty guide my way,
Thou, Lord, art with me there :
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

G g

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4.
If guarded by thy word
From evils worse than death,
Well may I to thee, Lord,
Commit my mortal breath :
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
If from on high
Thou call me home.

400. S. M.

*Reliance on the Goodness of God, a Remedy
for Care.*

1

How gracious is our God !
How kind his precepts are !
' Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.'

2

Since he for ever reigns,
We may securely dwell ;
The hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3

Oh ! why should anxious thoughts
Oppress the sinking mind ?
Go fall before your Father's throne
And sweet relief you'll find.

4

Devoutly fear his name,
And know no other fear,
In every scene of life and death
Your Helper will be near.

GRATITUDE AND CONFIDING HOPE.

401. C. M.

Hope in God.

1

THE Lord can clear the darkest skies ;
Can give us day for night ;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

2

The seed, though buried long in dust,
Will not deceive our hope :
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
Since God insures the crop.

3

The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

402. C. M.

God the best Judge of our Necessities.

1

AUTHOR of good ! to thee we come :
Thine ever-watchful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

2

Oh let thy fear within us dwell !
Thy love our footsteps guide !
That love shall all vain loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3

And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft the stubborn will,
Mistaken, shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill :

4

Not to our wish, but to our want,
Do thou thy gifts supply ;
The good, unask'd, O Father, grant ;
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

403. C. M.

Confidence in the Perfections of God.

1

THE Lord ! how tender is his love !
His justice, how august !
Hence, all her fears my soul derives ;
There, anchors all my trust.

2

He showers the manna from above,
To feed the barren waste ;
Or points with death the fiery hail,
And famine waits the blast.

3

His power directs the rushing wind,
Or tips the bolt with flame ;
His goodness breathes in every breeze,
And warms in every beam.

4

He bids distress forget to groan,
The sick from anguish cease ;
In dungeons spreads the healing wing,
And softly whispers peace.

GRATITUDE AND CONFIDING HOPE.

5

For me, O Lord, whatever lot,
The hours commission'd bring—
Do all my withering blessings die,
Or fairer clusters spring—

6

Oh! grant that still, with grateful heart,
My years resign'd may run :
'Tis thine to give, or to resume ;
And let thy will be done!

404. L. M.

'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.'—1 Sam. vii. 12.

1

My Helper, God! I bless his name ;
The same his power, his grace the same .
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2

I midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand ;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3

Thus far his arm hath led me on ;
Thus far I make his mercy known ;
And while I tread this desert land,
New blessings shall new songs demand.

4

My grateful soul, on life's last shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more :
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

Resignation and Thankfulness.

1

WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mix'd with flowers.

2

Are health and ease my happy share ?
Oh may I bless my God !
Thy kindness let my songs declare,
And spread thy praise abroad.

3

While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me ;
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, Lord, to thee !

4

And oh ! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy providence denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise :

5

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

406. C. M.

Consolation and Confidence in God our Father.

1

My God, my Father ! cheering name !
Oh ! may I call thee mine ?
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2

This comfort will my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly :
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye ?

3

Whate'er thy providence denies
I calmly would resign ;
For thou art just, and good, and wise,
And let thy will be mine.

4

Whate'er that gracious will ordains,
Lord ! give me strength to bear :
Still let me say—' My Father reigns,'
And trust his tender care.

5

Thy ways, great God, are little known
To my weak, erring sight ;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

407. L. M.

God our Father.

1

Is there a lone and dreary hour
When worldly comforts lose their power;
My Father! let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.

2

Is there a time of fear or grief,
Which sees no prospect of relief;
My Father! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

3

Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ;
My Father! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.

4

The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The sick, nay, e'en the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

408. C. M.

*The Upright encouraging himself in the Lord his
God—1 Sam. xxx. 6.*

1

JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious name!
Still pregnant with delight;
It scatters round a cheerful beam,
To gild the darkest night.

GRATITUDE AND CONFIDING HOPE.

2

What though our mortal comforts fade,
And droop like withering flowers !
Nor time, nor death, can break that band,
Which makes Jehovah ours.

409. C. M.

God the Source of Consolation and Health.

1

To calm the sorrows of the mind,
Our heavenly Friend is nigh,
To wipe the anxious tear that starts,
Or trembles in the eye.

2

Thou canst, when anguish rends the heart,
The secret woe control ;
The inward malady canst heal,
The sickness of the soul.

3

Thou canst repress the rising sigh ;
Canst soothe each mortal care ;
And every deep and heartfelt groan
Is wafted to thine ear.

4

Thy gracious eye is watchful still ;
Thy potent arm can save
From threatening danger and disease,
And the devouring grave.

5

Eternal Source of life and health,
And every bliss we feel !
In sorrow and in joy, to thee
Our grateful hearts appeal.

410. C. M.

Grateful Trust and Submission.

1

ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one,
When I am wholly thine—
'Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.'

2

All-wise, Almighty, and All-good!
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown, or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3

Is life with many comforts crown'd,
Upheld in peace and health,
With warm affections twin'd around?
Lord, in my time of wealth,

4

May I remember, that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me
May all thy bounties flow.

5

Thy gifts are only then enjoy'd,
When us'd as talents lent;
Those talents only well employ'd,
When in thy service spent.

6

And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?

GRATITUDE AND CONFIDING HOPE.

No, let me bless thy name, and say
‘The Lord is gracious still.’

411. C. M.

Confidence in God, a Cure for Anxiety.

1

OH why thus heavy, O my soul !
Say, why, distrustful still,
Thy thoughts, with vain impatience, roll
O'er scens of future ill ?

2

Let faith suppress the rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude :
Thy Maker's will hath plac'd thee here—
A Maker wise and good !

3

His love to every trial knows
Its just restraint to give ;
Attentive to behold thy woes,
And faithful to relieve.

4

Why then so heavy, O my soul !
Say, why, distrustful still,
Thy thoughts, with vain impatience, roll
O'er scenes of future ill ?

5

Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide ;
His finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the headlong tide.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

412. C. M.

Cheerful Confidence in God's Goodness.

1

WITH God my friend, the radiant sun
Sheds a more lively ray ;
Each object smiles ; all nature charms ;
I chase my cares away.

2

I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Immeasurably kind ;
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resign'd.

3

Good, when he gives—supremely good ;
Nor less, when he denies ;
Afflictions, from his gracious hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

413. C. M.

The Consolations of Faith.

1

WHY is my soul dismay'd with fear ?
Though dangers gather round,
By faith behold thy Father near,
A refuge thou hast found.

2

By faith behold thy Father nigh,
And though the storm should fall,
Thou wilt not want the pitying eye,
Nor wilt thou hopeless call.

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

3

God is not far from every one ;
In him we live and move ;
He is the source whence troubles come ;
Faith shows them sent in love,

4

What though thy dearest comforts fail,
And health and friends decay ;
Parent, or child, though thou lament,
On faith thy spirit stay.

5

A little while in patience wait,
Whate'er thy Father sends ;
Faith will conduct thee to his seat,
Where bliss nor glory ends.

6

And when by sight thou shalt explore
Thy Father's wondrous ways,
With joy thou'lt view his dealings o'er ;
All will be themes of praise !

414. L. M.

Pious Confidence in God.

1

WHY should I murmur or repine,
At what may be my Father's will ?
Wisdom and power and love are thine :
Thy grace is all-sufficient still.

2

Thy plans, beyond the bounds of time,
Eternal ages comprehend ;
To form the soul to joys sublime,
In that blest world which ne'er shall end.

H h

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3

Bow then, my soul, submissive bow,
And trust thy gracious Father's love ;
His kind design in bringing low,
Is to prepare for joys above.

4

This transient scene will soon be o'er,
Its joys, its sorrows, pass away :
The night of gloom returns no more,
But ushers in a glorious day.

415. C. M.

Submission to God under Affliction.

1

PEACE, my complaining, doubting heart!
Ye anxious cares be still !
Adore the just, the sovereign Lord,
Nor murmur at his will.

2

Unerring wisdom guides his hand ;
Nor should a guilty fear,
Amid the sharpest pains I feel,
Pronounce his hand severe.

3

To soften every painful stroke,
Indulgent mercy bends ;
And when I unrepining plead,
His gracious ear attends.

4

Let me reflect with humble awe,
Whene'er my heart complains,
Compar'd with what my sins deserve,
How easy are my pains !

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

5

Yes, Lord, I own thy sovereign hand!
All-just, and wise, and kind!
Be every anxious thought suppress'd,
And all my soul resign'd.

416. L. M.

Trust in God.

1

WHEN succours fail, and fears invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid;
In every fear, in every strait,
My soul! on his salvation wait.

2

Should every earthly friend depart,
And sorrows sink my drooping heart,
My God, on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my Father and my Friend.

3

Why then, my soul, with care oppress'd?
And whence the woes which fill my breast?
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
On God thy steadfast hopes repose.

417. L. M.

The unsearchable Decrees of Providence.

1

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we! how mean our praise!
Thy steps can mortal eyes explore?
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2

Great God ! I would not ask to see
What in futurity shall be ;
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praise.

3

Is darkness and distress my share ?
Still let me trust thy guardian care ;
Enough for me, that love divine
At length through every cloud shall shine.

4

Yet this my soul desires to know ;
Be this my only wish below—
That I am thine : this great request
Grant, bounteous God ! and I am blest.

418. L. M.

God merciful in his Inflections.

1

O GOD ! whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys !
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

2

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the reach of human skill ;
But what the Eternal does is right.

3

Oh teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the rising tear,
To calm my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness trust, thy justice fear !

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

419. C. M.

Trust in God under Affliction.

1

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave ;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2

When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And press'd on every side,
The Lord hath still sustain'd my steps,
And still hath been my guide.

3

The hand that now withholds my joys,
Can reinstate my peace ;
The voice that bids the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

4

Here will I rest, here build my hopes ;
Nor murmur at his rod :
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God.

420. L. M.

Trust and Resignation implored.

1

O GOD ! to thee we raise our eyes ;
Calm resignation we implore ;
Oh let no murmuring thought arise,
But humbly let us still adore !

H h 2

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2

With meek submission may we bear
Each needful cross thou shalt ordain ;
Nor think our trials too severe ;
Nor dare thy justice to arraign.

3

For though mysterious now thy ways
To erring mortals may appear,
Hereafter we thy name shall praise,
For all our keenest sufferings here.

4

Thy gracious help, O God, afford,
Nor let us sink in deep despair ;
Aid us to trust thy sacred word,
And find our sweetest comfort there.

5

There faith unveils a brighter scene,
Where all life's painful conflicts cease,
Where no dark clouds shall intervene,
No sorrows e'er disturb our peace.

421. C. M.

Filial Submission.

1

AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, ' My Father, God !'
Lord ! at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2

I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise ;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

3

Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene ;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

422. L. M.

All is well, under the Direction of God.
2 Kings iv. 26.

1

‘ ALL yet is well,’ the mother said,
Who left her only offspring dead,
While she the holy prophet sought,
And deeply felt the news she brought.

2

Faith in the prophet’s God, Most High,
Upheld her hope, reliev’d her sigh ;
And while the tear maternal fell,
She calmly answer’d ‘ Yes, ’tis well.’

3

Thus faith in God could soften grief,
And bring the afflicted mind relief,
Ere yet eternal life reveal’d
Was by our rising Saviour seal’d.

4

Then let his word support the soul,
And every pain and grief control ;
And faith each rising murmur tell,
That God, our God, doth all things well.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

423. C. M.

Trust in God under Affliction.

1

O GOD ! the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure ;
And, in its matchless grace, we feel
Our happiness secure.

2

What though our house be not with thee,
As nature could desire ?
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy servants shall aspire.

3

Since thou, the everlasting God,
Our Father art become,
Our Guide, our Guardian, and our Friend,
And heaven our final home,—

4

We welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love ;
And when we know not what thou dost,
We wait thy light above.

5

Thy mercy, in the darkest gloom,
Shall heavenly rays impart ;
And when our eye-lids close in death,
Shall cheer our trembling heart.

424. C. M.

Reverential Submission in Affliction.

1

WITH humble reverence we adore
The wise, the righteous God ;

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

Our souls in meek submission bow
Beneath his chastening rod.

2

'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them to the grave ;
He gives ; and, blessed be his name !
He takes but what he gave.

3

Peace, all our restless passions, then !
Let each repining sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

4

If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread ;
And we'll adore the wisdom too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

425. L. M.

Hope in the Contemplation of the divine Perfections.

1

WHY sinks my weak, desponding mind ?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh ?
Can Sovereign Goodness be unkind ?
Am I not safe, if God be nigh ?

2

He holds all nature in his hand :
That gracious hand on which I live,
Doth life, and time, and death command,
And hath immortal joys to give.

3

'Tis he supports this fainting frame ;
On him alone my hopes recline :

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

The wondrous glories of thy name,
How wide they spread! how bright they
shine!

4

Infinite Wisdom! boundless Power!
Unchanging Faithfulness and Love!
Here let me trust, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

426. L. M.

Christian Fortitude supported by Faith.

1

TAKE courage now! while God is near,
What enemy have we to fear?
How can we want a sure defence,
Whose refuge is Omnipotence?

2

Though thickest dangers crowd our way,
Our God can chase our fears away;
Our feeble faith on him relies,
And all those dangers still defies.

3

Though billows after billows roll,
To overwhelm our sinking soul;
Firm as a rock we still shall stand,
Upheld by God's almighty hand.

4

In life, his presence is our aid;
In death, 'twill guide us through the shade;
Chase all our rising fears away,
And turn our darkness into day.

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

427. L. M.

Trust in God under Affliction.

1

WHY is my heart with grief oppress?
Can all the pains I feel or fear,
Make thee, my soul, forget thy rest?
Forget that God, thy God, is near?

2

Mortality's unnumber'd ills
Are all beneath his sovereign hand :
Each pain which this frail body feels,
Attends, obedient, his command.

3

Lord! form my temper to thy will :
If thou my faith and patience prove,
May every painful stroke fulfil
Thy purposes of faithful love !

4

Oh may this weak, this fainting mind,
A Father's hand adoring see ;
Confess thee just, and wise, and kind ;
And trust thy word, and cleave to thee !

428. L. M.

Consolatory Reflections on Providence.

1

'Tis wisdom, mercy, love divine,
Which mingle blessings with our cares :
And shall our thankless hearts repine,
That we obtain not all our prayers ?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2

From dark distrust our sorrows flow ;
Short-sighted mortals, weak and blind,
Bend down their eyes to earth and woe,
And doubt if Providence be kind.

3

Should heaven with every wish comply,
Still, would the grant relieve the care ?
Perhaps the good for which we sigh,
Might change its name, and prove a snare.

4

Were once our vain desires subdued,
The will resign'd, the heart at rest ;
In every scene we should conclude,
The will of heaven is right and best.

5

Then cheerful let our hearts survey
The toils and dangers of the road ;
And patient keep the heavenly way
That leads us homeward to our God.

429. L. M.

Trust and Resignation under Bereavements.

1

THE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When friends belov'd and kindred die.

2

Yet not one anxious murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend ;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
The almighty, ever-living Friend.

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

3

Parent, Protector, Guardian, Guide !
Thou art each tender name in one ;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

4

Our Father—God ! to thee we look,
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend !
And on thy gracious love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

430. L. M.

Resignation taught by the Example of Christ.

1

‘ FATHER divine ! ’ the Saviour cried,
While horrors press’d on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay—
‘ Remove this bitter cup away.

2

‘ But if these woes must all be borne,
Or helpless man be left forlorn,
I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say, Thy will, not mine, be done ! ’

3

Thus our submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low ;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would say, ‘ Thy will, not ours, be done.’

431. P. M.

Consolations of Religion in Affliction.

1

WHEN sorrow sinks my spirits down,
And grief o’erwhelms my troubled mind,

I i

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Faith cries, 'Look up to God alone,
A refuge thou in him shalt find :'
My soul obeys the sacred word,
And casts her care upon the Lord.

2

What though affliction's shades surround
My path, yet God is wise and just ;
And oft my fainting soul has found
The promise true, in which I trust :
Shall I then doubt his sacred word ?
No—let me humbly trust the Lord.

3

'Tis in the hour of deep distress,
That we religion's comfort prove ;
The chastening hand we feel and bless,
Of God, that scourges us in love :
Though nature sinks beneath the rod,
Yet faith reposes still in God.

4

It is the Lord that strikes the blow ;
Let every murmuring thought be still :
Oft has he made my cup o'erflow,
And shall I dare dispute his will ?
For ever be the thought abhorr'd :
My soul ! still wait thou on the Lord.

5

Wait, till he bid thy sorrows cease,
Till he thy every care remove ;
And though thy troubles fast increase,
Thou need'st not doubt thy Father's love :
Though he delay, yet trust his word ;
For true and faithful is the Lord.

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

6

Yes, Israel's God was never known
To leave his children in distress ;
Mercy and truth surround his throne,
His judgments all are righteousness :
Still shall my soul this truth accord ;
I will for ever trust the Lord.

432. C. M.

The Discipline of God's Providence.

1

WHEN I review the devious ways
Through which my feet have trod,
I find incessant cause to bless
And love my guardian God.

2

Through all the labyrinth of life,
My folly he pursued ;
And by some gracious providence,
My rebel heart subdued.

3

I rarely plann'd, but cause I found
My plan's defeat to bless ;
Oft I lamented an event
Which turn'd to my success.

4

When labouring under fancied ill,
My spirits to sustain,
He kindly cur'd with wholesome draughts
Of deep distress or pain.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

5

Sometimes he brought me near to death ;
And, pointing to the grave,
Made terror whisper kind advice,
And taught the tomb to save.

6

'Tis from the seeds in sorrow sown,
The richest harvest rose ;
And in my Father's will I've found
An absolute repose.

433. L. M.

Self-Examination in Affliction.

1

Now, in the hour of silent thought,
When anxious cares are hush'd and still,
I look within, to see if aught
Opposes, Lord, thy righteous will.

2

Weakness and pain are bitter draughts,
But God is just and wise and kind ;
He knows my frame, he sees its faults,
And suits the medicine to the mind.

3

Do I then bear this chastening pain
With soul submissive, will resign'd ;
Striving at all times to maintain
That temper which in Christ I find ?

4

Omniscient God ! thine eye surveys
Each secret and each open sin :

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

Aid me to search and try my ways;
And guard me from each foe within.

434. C. M.

Submission.

1

O LORD ! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears :
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears ?

3

No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.

4

Wisdom and mercy guide thy way;
Shall I resist them both ?
Short-sighted creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth !

5

But ah ! my heart within me cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils the sky
Drives all these thoughts away.

Retrospect after a Dangerous Illness.

1

MY God! thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praise!

2

Thy tender mercy, O my God,
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3

Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
Didst chase all slavish fear;
And well my soul could bear those pains,
When thou, my help, wast near.

4

Calmly I watch'd my ebbing life;
I knew thy time was best;
Nor fear'd to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

5

Into thy hands, my gracious God,
I did myself resign;
And humbly trusted in thy grace,
For pardoning love is thine.

6

Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come;
Nor would I wish a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

7

Where thou appointest my abode,
There would I choose to be ;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

436. C. M.

Benefit of Afflictions and Support under them.

1

LORD ! I have found 'tis good for me
To bear a Father's rod ;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

2

This is the comfort I enjoy,
When new distress begins ;
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

3

Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

4

I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe ;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

5

Before I knew thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray ;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

437. C. M.

In a Time of Sickness.

1

GOD of my life! look gently down ;
Behold the pains I feel ;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2

Diseases are thy servants, Lord !
They come at thy command :
I'll not attempt a murmuring word
Against thy chastening hand.

3

Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust ;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand ;
And all our beauty's lost.

4

I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were ;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I thy summons hear !

5

But if my life be spar'd awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

438. C. M.

*The Hope of Heaven our Support under Trials
on Earth.*

1

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2

Should earth against my peace engage,
And all its darts be hurl'd ;
Still might I fearless see its rage,
And face a frowning world.

3

Though cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all !

4

In those bright realms, thou, O my soul,
Shalt find eternal rest ;
Nor shall a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

439. L. M.

The Wisdom of redeeming Time.

1

GOD of eternity ! from thee
Did infant time its being draw :
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2

Silent but fleet they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows ;
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from which it rose.

3

With it the thoughtless sons of men,
Before the rapid stream, are borne
On to that everlasting home,
That country whence there's no return.

4

Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5

Great Source of wisdom! teach my heart
To know the worth of every hour ;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

440. L. M.

The Vanity of long Life.

1

LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze their forms are gone.

2

Vain is the boast of lengthen'd years ;
A patriarch's full maturity ;
'Tis but a larger drop, to swell
The ocean of eternity.

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

3

O Father! in whose mighty hand,
The boundless years and ages lie;
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;

4

To crowd the narrow span of life,
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

441. L. M.

Improvement of the Shortness of Life.

1

THE short-liv'd day declines in haste,
The night of death approaches fast;
With rapid speed the moments run,
In which the work of life is done.

2

As flies the shuttle o'er the loom,
So mortals hasten to the tomb;
As ships that skim along the sea,
Or eagles darting on their prey;

3

As vanishes the fleeting shade;
As flowers before the evening fade;—
Such is the life of feeble man;
His days are measur'd by a span.

4

With willing heart, and active hands,
Lord! I would practise thy commands;
Improve the moments as they fly,
And live as I would wish to die.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

442. C. M.

On the Death of a Young Person.

1

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh may this truth, imprest
With awful power, 'I too must die,'
Sink deep in every breast.

3

Let this vain world delude no more ;
Behold the opening tomb !
It bids us seize the present hour ;
To-morrow, death may come.

4

The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey ;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

443. L. M.

The Great Journey.

1

BEHOLD the path that mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead !
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

2

Our kindred and our friends are gone ;
Know, O my soul, this doom thine own ;
Feeble as theirs my mortal frame,
The same my way, my house the same.

3

From vital air, from cheerful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night ;
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
I must to God's tribunal pass.

4

Awake, my soul ! thy way prepare,
And lose in this each meaner care ;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which, through the grave, conducts to God.

444. L. M.

Time Flying, and Death Approaching.

1

THAT awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies ;
When all that pains or pleases here,
Will vanish from my closing eyes.

2

Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence ;
None can resist his fatal dart ;
Continual warnings strike my sense ;
And shall they fail to strike my heart ?

3

Think, O my soul, how much depends
On the short period of a day :
Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away ?

K k

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4

The remnant minutes strive to use ;
Awake ! rouse every active power !
And not in dreams and trifles lose
This little, this important hour !

5

Lord of my life ! inspire my heart
With heavenly ardour, grace divine :
Nor let thy presence e'er depart ;
For strength, and life, and death are thine.

6

Oh teach me the celestial skill,
Each awful warning to improve !
And while my days are shortening still,
Prepare me for the joys above !

445. C. M.

The Vanity of Man, as mortal.

1

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame !
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2

A span is all that we can boast,
A fleeting hour of time ;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3

See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows, o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

4

Some walk in honour's gaudy show ;
Some dig for shining ore ;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5

What should I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6

Now I resign my earthly hope,
My fond desires recall ;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

446. P. M.

" The fashion of this World passeth away."

1

SPRING up, my soul, with ardent flight ;
Nor let this earth delude thy sight,
With glittering trifles, gay and vain :
Wisdom divine directs thy view
To objects ever grand and new,
And faith displays the shining train.

2

The world's gay pageant rolls along ;
The giddy inexperience'd throng
Pursue it with enchanted eyes :
It passes in swift march away,
Still more and more its charms decay,
Till the last gaudy colour dies.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3

O God, to thee my soul shall turn ;
For thee my noblest passions burn,
And trust for bliss in thee alone :
I fix on that unchanging home,
Where never-fading pleasures bloom,
Fresh springing round thy radiant throne.

447. P. M.

Life Fleeting : for an Anniversary.

1

THE year hath pass'd away,
Swift as the gliding stream ;
And all its scenes appear
Like relics of a dream !
Spent are its griefs, its joys are flown,
And memory holds their trace alone !

2

Frail, fleeting life ! how soon
May thy probation close ;
And they who prize thee most,
In the still grave repose !
Thy joys are brief—they cannot last ;
And change comes o'er thy seasons fast.

3

Then pause, my soul, and trace
Time's progress, and thine own :
Shall earth thy cares engage,
When better things are known ?
Oh ! fix thy love on heavenly bliss :
All other good shall fail but this.

4

Yes ! let thy zeal be strong,
Life's purpose to fulfil ;

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

And work, with all thy powers,
Thy righteous Father's will :
So shall thy deeds be truly blest,
And death conduct to endless rest.

448. L. M.

Preparation for Death, by a Life of Duty.

1

NONE can evade the stroke of death :
Lord ! help me to surmount the fear ;
That, when I must resign my breath,
I may in peace the summons hear.

2

'Tis sin gives venom to the dart ;
In me let every sin be slain ;
From secret faults, oh ! cleanse my heart ;
From wilful sins, my hands restrain.

3

Grant that I may, with holy zeal,
The ends of living, close pursue ;
Seek thy whole pleasure to fulfil ;
And honour thee in all I do.

4

May I to Jesus lift mine eyes,
Once dead, but now enthron'd on high ;
Glorious like him I hope to rise,
Why should I fear like him to die !

5

Faith's radiant beams shall chase the gloom,
Thick hanging o'er the vale of death ;
Undaunted I'll survey the tomb,
And, as a victor, yield my breath..

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

449. P. M.

Serious Reflections on the Uncertainty of Life.

1

ETERNAL bliss, and lasting woe,
Hang on this span of life below,
This short uncertain breath :
My heavenly Father only knows
Whether another day shall close,
Ere I expire in death.

2

Before thy throne, great God! I bow;
And in these solemn moments, now
Would learn my real state :
While life, and health, and time endure,
May I thy pardoning grace secure,
Before it be too late.

3

If in destruction's road I stray,
Teach me to choose that better way
Which leads to joys on high ;
My soul renew, my sins forgive ;
Nor let me ever dare to live,
Such as I dare not die.

450. L. M.

*The Service of God the true Aim of Life, and the
Support in Death.*

1

My gracious Lord! I own thy right
To every service I can pay ;
And call it my supreme delight,
To hear thy dictates and obey.

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

2

What is my being, but for thee—
Its sure support, its noblest end !
Oh may I e'er thy presence see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend !

3

I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good ;
Nor future days or powers employ,
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4

Thy work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more :
And my last hour of life confess
Thy love hath animating power.

451. L. M.

Prospects of the Real Christian.

1

LORD ! I am thine ; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love ;
Whate'er my trials, I would see
Thy hand in all, and bow to thee.

2

The sinner's portion I resign :
Lord ! 'tis enough if thou art mine :
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

3

This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall I wake, and find me there ?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4

O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

5

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's likeness rise.

452. C. M.

Old Age anticipated.

1

WHEN in the vale of lengthen'd years
My feeble feet shall tread,
And I survey the various scenes
Through which I have been led ;

2

How many mercies will my life,
Before my view unfold !
What countless dangers will be past !
What tales of sorrow told !

3

But oh ! my soul, if thou canst say,
I've seen my God in all ;
In every trouble own'd his hand,
In every gift his call :

4

If piety has mark'd my steps,
And love my actions form'd ;
And purity possess'd my heart,
And truth my lips adorn'd :

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH,

5

If I an aged servant am
Of Jesus and of God,
I need not fear the closing scene,
Nor dread the appointed road.

6

This scene will all my labours end ;
This road conduct on high :
With comfort I'll review the past,
And triumph, though I die.

453. C. M.

The Christian's Reflection and Hope.

1

My God, my everlasting Hope !
I live upon thy truth ;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

2

My frame was fashion'd by thy power,
And shows thy skill divine ;
My all I owe to thy command ;
I am entirely thine.

3

Still has my life new wonders seen,
In each revolving year ;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

4

Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise ;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

454. L. M.

God's gracious Guidance sought in Life and in Death.

1

BE thou my Shepherd, gracious Lord !
My wants shall then be well supplied ;
Thy providence and holy word
Shall be my safeguard and my guide.

2

In pastures where salvation grows,
Oh lead me, Lord, and give me rest !
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.

3

If, wandering, I thy ways mistake,
Again restore my soul to peace ;
And lead me, for thy mercy's sake,
In the fair path of righteousness.

4

In every dark and trying scene,
Be thou my comfort, thou my stay ;
And let thy staff my steps sustain,
Thy rod direct my doubtful way.

5

Then, though I pass the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

455. L. M.

Supports in the Apprehension of Death.

1

WHY, O my fearful trembling soul,
Why droop'st thou thus so near the goal ?

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

Why let these gloomy fears arise,
And cloud thy prospects in the skies?

2

What if thy race be almost run,
And faintly gleams thy setting sun,—
Yet safe, beneath almighty power,
Thy dying as thy natal hour.

3

Look back with grateful joy, and view
The goodness which hath borne thee through
Life's dangerous course, now nearly o'er ;
Nor fear to reach the welcome shore.

4

Thy God, who, from life's earliest day,
Preserv'd and blest thy devious way,
Will still exert his power to save
Through the dark passage to the grave.

5

True, 'tis an unknown awful road,
But 'tis the same thy Saviour trod ;
Expiring on the fatal tree,
He made it smooth and safe for thee.

6

Then let each anxious feeling cease,
And calmly sink to rest and peace :
In God, thy heavenly Father, trust ;
He'll guard secure thy sleeping dust.

456. L. M.

Thought on Death.

1

WHEN life, as opening buds, is sweet,
And golden hopes the fancy greet,

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

And youth prepares his joys to meet—
Alas ! how hard it is to die !

2

When just is seiz'd some valued prize,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise—
How awful, then, it is to die !

3

When one by one those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatch'd forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn—
Ah ! then how easy tis to die !

4

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow-gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light—
'Tis nature's precious boon to die.

5

When faith is firm, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And vision'd glories half appear—
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph, then to die.

457. L. M.

*The Bonds of Affection and Friendship, severed by
Death, to be renewed in Heaven.*

1

THE hour must come !—the closest ties
Which bind to earth will sever'd be :
To thee, O God, we lift our eyes,
And seek our rest in heaven and thee.

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

2

The tears of nature, gracious Lord !
Thou wilt with pitying eye behold ;
And faith in thine eternal word,
Its heavenly prospects will unfold.

3

The hour will come, when endless day
Shall chase the darkness of the grave :
Jesus, who trod the gloomy way,
Hath power from death itself to save.

4

The hour will come—the closest ties
Which bound on earth shall be renew'd ;
When all shall live, that sanctifies ;
And all that sullies, be subdued.

5

Then shall we see the lov'd we leave ;
Rejoin the friends who 've gone before ;
United bliss from thee receive ;
And dwell with Jesus evermore.

6

Oh may this cheering prospect guide
In friendship's duties, friendship's joys ;
In faith and love our souls abide,
And follow duty's sacred voice !

458. L. M.

The Christian's Home in View.

1

As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'er-looking hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still ;

L 1

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2

So, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to gain the prize.

3

The thought of home his spirit cheers ;
No more he grieves for troubles past ;
Nor future ills or trials fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4

He hopes, releas'd from earth, to dwell
In regions of eternal day,
Where he shall bid his cares farewell,
And every tear be wip'd away.

459. P. M.

The Christian Course.

1

How fine has the day been ! how bright was the sun !
How lovely and joyful the course that he run !
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droppings of rain :
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;
He paints the sky gay, as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.

2

Just such is the Christian :—his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears : then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way :
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array,

AFFLICTION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.

460. C. M.

Influence of the Prospects of the Gospel.

1

SINCE all this frame of things must end—
For Heaven hath so decreed—
'Tis wise our inmost thoughts to guard,
And watch o'er every deed ;

2

Expecting calm the appointed hour,
When, nature's conflict o'er,
A new and better world shall rise,
Where sin is known no more.

3

Though now, ye just, the time appears
Protracted, dark, unknown,
An hour, a day, a thousand years,
To heaven's great Lord are one.

461. L. M.

The Prayer of the Dying Christian.

1

THE hour of my departure's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home :
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease ;
And let thy servant die in peace.

2

The race appointed I have run ;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won ;
And now my witness is on high ;
And now my record's in the sky.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3

Not in my righteousness I trust ;
I bow before thee in the dust ;
And through thy grace in Christ alone,
I look for mercy at thy throne.

4

I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear ;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a Friend.

5

I come, I come, at thy command !
I yield my spirit to thy hand :
Stretch forth thine everlasting arm,
And shield me in the last alarm.

6

The hour of my departure's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home ;
Now, O my God, let trouble cease ;
Now let thy servant die in peace.

BOOK V.

**OCCASIONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS
HYMNS.**

462. P. M.

For New-Year's Day.

1

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Finish'd here probation's day,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer stay,
But how little, none can know !

2

As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream :
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise !
All below is but a dream.

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

3

Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view :
Bless thy word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above !

463. L. M.

For New-Year's Day.

1

GREAT God! we in thy courts appear,
Whose blessings crown the opening year :
Our feeble lives thy care prolongs,
And wakes anew our annual songs.

2

What numbers, in the little space,
Have vacant left, on earth, their place,
Since, from this day, the circling sun
Hath his last yearly period run.

3

We yet survive, but who can say,
'Or through a year, a month, or day,
Secure from the attack of death,
I shall retain this vital breath ?'

4

That breath is always in thy hand,
And stays or goes at thy command :
We hold our lives from thee alone ;
Their limits all to us unknown.

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

5

To thy disposal we resign ;
Let life, but while it lasts, be thine,
And we can have no cause to fear,
Though it should end this present year.

6

Though we, as time rolls swiftly on,
Borne on its tide, must soon be gone ;
Yet thankful we behold the shore,
Where we shall live to die no more.

464. P. M.

For New-Year's Day.

1

Come let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll on with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear :
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labour of love.

2

Our life is a dream : our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away ;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay :
The arrow is flown ; the moment is gone ;
We see the day near
When the summons will come and the Master
appear.

3

Oh that each in the day of his coming may say,
' I have fought my way through,
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me
to do : '

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

Oh that each from his Lord may receive the
glad word,
‘ Well and faithfully done !
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.’

465. P. M.

Praise to God through all the Changes of Life.

1

God of the changing year ! whose arm of power
In safety leads through danger’s darkest hour ;
Here, in thy temple, bow thy creatures down,
To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own :
‘ Thee first, thee last,’ the source and spring of
blessing,
From age to age, from sire to son confessing.

2

Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
And pour around the gladdening light of day ;
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
To cheer its hours of darkness ; all are thine :
Thy hand hath fix’d the season’s sure succession,
And mark’d the circling year’s complete progression.

3

If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
And mortal friends were faithless, thou wast true ;
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
The wounded spirit, thou wast present there ;
Where’er we rovd, our wandering steps attending,
With out-stretch’d arm our heads from ill defending.

4

Yet, when our hearts review departed days,
How vast thy mercies ! how remiss our praise !
Well may we dread to meet thine awful eye,
And, self-reprov’d, before thy footstool lie :
We’ll bow our heads in silent shame before thee,
And bless the clouds that scatter darkness o’er thee.

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

5

Oh lend thine ear, and lift our voice to thee !
Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be ;
From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly
thine ;
'Thee first, thee last,' the source and spring of
blessing,
From youth to age, in life, in death confessing.

466. P. M.

*The Christian's Hope, resting on the Resurrection
of Jesus Christ, "who hath abolished Death, and
brought Life and Immortality to Light through
the Gospel."*—2 Tim. i. 10.

(Hymn for Easter.)

1

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.
Vain were the terrors that gather'd around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave ;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
'The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.'

2

Glory to God in full anthems of joy ;
The being he gave us, death cannot destroy.
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birth-right, and death were our
end ;
But Jesus hath cheer'd the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

467. L. M.

For a Charity-School Collection.

CHILDREN.

ALMIGHTY God! though round thy throne
Adoring seraphs bend the knee,
Our humble wants to thee are known,
Our infant songs may rise to thee.

CONGREGATION.

Great Father of the human race,
Thy hand to each assigns his lot ;
The good alike partake thy grace,
Or in the palace or the cot.

CHILDREN.

On those, oh let thy blessings fall,
Who us with eyes of pity view'd !
Who, like the bounteous Lord of all,
Delight to do his creatures good.

CONGREGATION.

Grant, that instruction may secure
Each youthful breast from sin and woe ;
Oh let them feel what pleasures pure
From virtue and religion flow.

CHILDREN.

And grant that those, whose fostering aid
With knowledge cheers the poor distress,
May find each generous care repaid,
And be in their own children blest.

CHORUS.

And oh may those whose hands have given,
And those who on their help depend,
Unite around thy throne in heaven,
In hymns of praise that never end.

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

468. P. M.

For a Charity-School Collection.

1

GLORY to our heavenly King!
Bounteous Parent, thee we sing!
Gratitude the strain inspires,
Humble hopes, sincere desires.

CHORUS AFTER EACH VERSE.

Thee we sing with loud acclaim,
Praising thine all-glorious name!

2

God of glory, God of love!
Lord of all the worlds above!
Thee we bless for daily food,
Thee we bless for every good.

3

More than all we praise thee, Lord,
For the blessings of thy word;
For the tidings Jesus brought,
For the precepts Jesus taught.

4

Gracious Father! heavenly King!
Feeble lips presume to sing;
Infant voices humbly raise
Grateful, fervent songs of praise.

469. L. M.

Public Humiliation.

1

GREAT Former of unnumber'd worlds,
And whom unnumber'd worlds adore!
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power!

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

2

Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the winds, and lifts the sea ;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assign'd by thee.

3

While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry ;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense, a repentant sigh.

4

May Britain, in her sober hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod ;
By penitence make thee her Friend,
And find in thee a guardian God.

470. L. M.

For the Ordination or the Settlement of a Minister.

1

FATHER of all ! whose love hath given
The human friend, to guide to heaven !
Aid us to feel religion's power,
And grant thy blessing on this hour.

2

Pastor and flock before thee stand ;
Before thee form the christian band :
To ties so sacred, strength be given ;
And be they ratified in heaven !

3

To light his mind, to warm his heart,
To form his life, thy grace impart !
To duty be his soul applied—
Jesus his pattern, God his guide !

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

4

Blest privilege, and honour high—
To point to thee the anxious eye;
Dispense the truth of heaven's bright page;
The troubles of the heart assuage;

5

Chase error's clouds; hush death's alarms;
Recall the lost, to mercy's arms;
Pour hope's soft balm in sorrow's breast;
The dying soothe with heaven's sweet rest.

6

Be this his honour and his care!
Accept our homage! hear our prayer!
The hand must wither: but the love—
Be that renew'd in heaven above.

471. C. M.

On the Death of Ministers.

1

THOUGH earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute the instructive tongue:

2

The eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

3

'Lo, I am with you,' saith the Lord,
'My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide.'

M M

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

4

Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust ;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are laid in dust.

472. P. M.

Farewell to a Friend departed.

1

THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee;
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour hath pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee;
And sinners may hope, since the sinless hath died.

3

Thou art gone to the grave—but 'twere wrong to deplore
thee,
When God was thy Father, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

473. P. M.

Recollection of Departed Friends.

1

As o'er the closing urn we bend
Of each belov'd and honour'd friend,
What tears of anguish roll!
In vain, in death's unconscious face,
The living smile we seek to trace,
That spoke from soul to soul.

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

2

But shall not memory still supply
The kindly glance, the beaming eye,
That oft our converse blest ;
That brighten'd many a prospect drear,
Reviv'd our virtue, sooth'd our care,
And lull'd each pain to rest ?

3

And when these frail remains are gone,
Our hearts the impression still shall own,
Our mortal path to cheer :
O God ! to point the way to heaven,
These angel-guides by thee were given :
How blest to meet them there !

474. C. M.

*The Autumnal Evening, an Emblem of the Peaceful
Death of a Christian.*

1

BEHOLD the western evening light,
It melts in deepest gloom :
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2

The winds breathe low ; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree :
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

3

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

4

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
'Tis like the memory left behind,
When lov'd ones breathe their last.

5

And now above the dews of night
The yellow star appears !
So faith springs in the hearts of those
Whose eyes are bath'd with tears.

6

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glories shall restore ;
And eyelids that are seal'd in death
Shall wake to close no more.

475. P. M.

Life ever-changing ; but its Issues all-important.

1

MARK, my soul, life's shifting scene,
Where nothing long endures ;
Stormy now, and now serene,
No skill from change secures :
Now the clouds that veil the sun,
Dark and terrible appear ;
Yet ere this day's race is run,
His brightest rays shall cheer.

2

Life—how short the voyage is !
But how important too !
Havens of eternal bliss
Still opening to our view :

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS

Where the heart is right with God,
We shall never want his grace ;
Earth is but our short abode,
And heaven our resting place.

476. L. M.

*Light from Heaven diffused over the Darkness of
Earth.*

1

If all our hopes, and all our fears,
Were prison'd in life's little bound ;
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond ;
Oh what should check the rising sigh ?
What earthly thing could pleasure give ?
Who then in peace could ever die ;
Or who would breathe a wish to live ?

2

Yet such were life, without the ray
From our divine religion given ;
'Tis this that makes our darkness day,
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven :
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom ;
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from a world to come.

477. P. M.

Blessedness of Public Worship.

1

LORD of the worlds above !
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are !

m m 2

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2

Oh happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
Oh happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still ;
 And happy they
 Who love the way
 To Zion's hill.

3

The Lord his people loves ;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves—
From pure and pious souls :
 Thrice blest are they,
 O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in thee.

4

They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
 Oh glorious seat
 When God, our King,
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet.

478. L. M.

" Rejoice in the Lord always."

1

'Joy to the followers of the Lord!'—
Thus saith the sure, the eternal word :
But not of earth the joy it brings,
Temper'd in pure celestial springs.

2

It is the joy of pardon'd sin,
When conscience says, 'Tis well within ;'
That sacred joy which fills the breast,
When earth-born passions sink to rest.

3

It is a joy that, seated deep,
Still lingers when we sigh and weep :
It spreads itself in virtuous deeds ;
In sorrow sighs, in pity bleeds.

4

But stern and awful are its tones,
When blended with the martyr's groans ;
When every throbbing pulse beats high
To rapture, mix'd with agony.

5

A tenderer, softer, form it wears—
Dissolv'd in love, dissolv'd in tears—
When humble souls a Saviour greet,
And sinners clasp the mercy-seat.

6

'Tis joy e'en here! a budding flower,
Struggling with snows, and storms, and
shower ;
And waits the moment to expand,
Transplanted to its native land.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

479. L. M.

"Is any cheerful, let him sing praises to God."
James v. 13.

1

SING, Christian, sing! for you alone
Possess the immortal powers of song;
The God who form'd you for his own,
Inspires your heart, inspires your tongue:
What though your pilgrim journey lies
O'er desert mountains, rude and wild;
The song of love which charms the skies,
Has many a pilgrim's toil beguil'd.

2

Then, Christian, sing! for soon the shade,
The dreary shade which wraps the dead,
Shall on your bosom, lowly laid,
Shall on your silent lips be spread:
While pity moves the heaving breast,
While yet the tender tear can flow,
Oh sing the love that offers rest
To man, the child of guilt and woe.

3

Sing! for these humble strains must cease,
Lost in unutterable bliss,
When, freed from sorrow, face to face,
You see the Saviour as he is:
When life, immortal life, is won,
The song of hope no more can rise;
She breathes her last, her sweetest tone,
Before the dawn of paradise.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

4

The voice of faith and hope must die ;
And not to mortal ears are given
The lofty hymns of victory,
Unknown but to the sons of heaven :
Yet have our pilgrim-lays the theme
Which crowns their song of joy above ;
In heaven and earth the Saviour's name
Unites the eternal song of love.

480. C. M.

Gratitude to God for Individual Mercies.

(See No. 383.)

1

My soul, in grateful wonder lost,
Thy goodness, Lord, surveys ;
Where shall my joyful lips begin,
Or where conclude thy praise !

2

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breast.

3

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves to prayer.

4

When in the dangerous paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

5

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

6

Thy bounteous hand, with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er ;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubled all my store.

7

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

8

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

9

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise :
But oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

481. L. M.

The Presence of God our Joy and Support.

1

As the good Shepherd gently leads
His wandering flocks to verdant meads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amidst the flowery landscapes flow ;

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

2

So God, the Guardian of my soul,
Doth all my erring steps control ;
When lost in sin's perplexing maze,
He leads me back to virtue's ways.

3

Though I should journey through the plains,
Where death in all its horror reigns ;
My steadfast heart no ill shall fear,
For thou, O Lord, art with me there.

482. P. M.

Aspirations after Habitual Devotion.

1

God of my life, and Author of my days !
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise ;
And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue
That hallow'd name to harps of seraphs sung.

2

Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more,
Than veil their faces, tremble, and adore :
Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere,
Are equal all, for all are nothing here.

3

I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
And breathe an awful stillness through my soul :
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace.

4

But soon, alas ! this holy calm is broke ;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke ;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.

5

But he, our gracious Father, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust ;

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.

6

His ear is open to the softest cry ;
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye ;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense, from a heart sincere.

7

O God ! from earthly bondage set me free ;
Still every wish that centres not in thee ;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets, cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

8

When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,
Oh teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart—' Beware !'

9

If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee ;

10

With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live ;
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

11

In every creature, Lord, I own thy power ;
In each event thy providence adore :
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fears control.

12

Then when the last, the closing scene draws near,
And death's approach awakens nature's fear,
Teach me to fix my humble hope on high,
And having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

DOXOLOGIES AND CONCLUDING
HYMNS.

I.

THOU art the First, and thou the Last !
Time centres all in thee !
The Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be !
To thee let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love ;
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

II.

FATHER of all ! whose cares extend
To earth's remotest shore !
Through every age let praise ascend ;
Let every clime adore.
To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

III.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow :
Praise him, ye creatures here below :
Praise him, angelic hosts above :
Praise him—Jehovah—God of Love !

DOXOLOGIES.

IV.

God—in whom they live and move—
Let every creature sing !
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King !
Hallow'd be his name beneath ;
As in heaven on earth ador'd :
Praise the Lord all ye that breathe ;—
Let all things praise the Lord.

V.

JEHOVAH ! one and only God !
To thee, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore.

VI.

To God—our Saviour, Father, Friend—
Let grateful strains of thanks ascend,
Before his awful throne :
Let every tongue his praises sing,
And glorify the almighty King,
The eternal holy One :
Let nations uniting, his praises prolong,
And the angels of heaven re-echo the song :
Glory be to God on high !
Hallelujah ! Amen !

VII.

Soon will our fleeting hours be past ;
And, as the setting sun

CONCLUDING HYMNS.

Now leaves the clouds in yonder west,
Our parting beams be gone.

May he from whom all blessings flow,
Our sacred rites attend ;
Unite our hearts in wisdom's ways,
Till life's short journey end :

And as the rapid sands run down,
Our virtue still improve ;
Till each receives the glorious crown
Of never-fading love.

VIII.

GRACIOUS Source of every blessing !
Guard our breasts from anxious fears :
May we, still thy love possessing,
Sink into the vale of years.
All our hopes on thee reclining,
Peace companion of our way,
May our sun, in smiles declining,
Rise in everlasting day.

IX.

THANKS for thy house of prayer, O Lord !
Thanks for thy day, and for thy word ;
For all the means which thou hast given,
Of knowing thee, and gaining heaven.
The sabbath ended, now we seek
Thy blessing on us through the week :
Let all its days with thee begin,
That each may prove a rest from sin.

CONCLUDING HYMNS.

X.

THANKS for mercies past receive !
Pardon of our sins renew !
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view :
Bless thy word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

XI.

WAYFARING pilgrims, bound for heaven,
And travelling through a dangerous road—
Lord ! let thy grace to us be given ;
And guide us to thy blest abode.
May all who now assemble here,
And Jesus ' Lord and Master ' call,
In those bright realms of bliss appear,
Where thou, great God, art all in all !

XII.

LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above ;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.
Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound :
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound !

ALPHABETICAL

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THIS Index is designed as supplementary to the Arrangement at the beginning : but the latter, it is hoped, will in general be found a sufficient guide in the choice of hymns.

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Corrections.

In No. 299, verse the 2d, the second line may better stand thus,
With all my powers to serve the Lord :

The numbering "242" is repeated twice. Where either of the hymns so numbered is given out, it may be spoken of as the *first*, or the *second*, of that number,

In No. 457, verse the 1st, the letters of "which" have been misplaced in working off the sheet,

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